

Supplement--A Great Race Horse

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

VOLUME LXXIX.—No. 1260.
Price 10 Cents.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

GRACE CAMERON.

A CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS WHO ADORES ROSES--SHE DOTES ON DIAMONDS, TOO.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, October 12, 1901.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE

GREATEST \$1.00
SPORTING THREE MONTHS
WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION
IN THE DIRECT FROM
WORLD. PUBLISHER.

INCLUDING

Fine Halftone Supplements

Also for Sale by All News-
dealers in the United States.

THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST

Is drawing to a close, but it
is not too late for the drink-
mixing hustlers to get into
the game.

THE POLICE GAZETTE GOLD MEDAL

Is especially handsome and
well-worth trying for.

At this date it is impossible
to determine when the
decision will be made, but
it will be announced in these
columns as soon as possible
after October 15.

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD —BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM— OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the
Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses Are Requested to Send Artistic Character
Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

George H. Fielding, the juggler, joined Al. G.
Field's Minstrels at Upper Sandusky, O.

Dan S. Fishell writes that he has severed his
connection with the Garden Minstrels, of St. Louis.

Belle Empress—sounds like an elephant's
name, but it isn't—is with the Variety Club.

The Three Shamrocks, Gordon, Vidocq and
Perry, who made a favorable impression recently at



Ph to by Wilson, Chicago.

BARONESS BLANC.

The Reason She Looks so Contented in the Above Picture is Probably Because She is Wearing
\$10,000 Worth of Diamonds. She has a Specialty Company of Her Own on the Road.

and in the future will be identified with the Lewis &
Austin Minstrels as interlocutor and stage director.

Bessie Clayton's little girl is to be named Pris-
cilla Mitchell.

Gibney's American Fun Makers have signed
Albert and Henkel. No walking.

Bryce and Ballard have made a decided hit in
their act and are now playing over the Burt circuit.

Ameta is going to make an addition to her act.
I hope it isn't a man, for she's doing so nicely alone.

The Two Hodas have been engaged for the
Merry Makers Carnival, at Augusta, Ga., during the
week of Oct. 14.

Anna Deveau, of the team of Delmore and
Deveau is wearing a new diamond now. See what
it is to be popular.

A. L. Fanshawe and Coral Starr have made
their debut in vaudeville. They will fall in love with
the vaudeville agents.

The Al G. Field Greater Minstrels is on its
seventeenth shakedown gathering tour. Everything goes,
even plugged quarters.

Marguerite Silvia, the "lady with the sym-
metrical limbs," will star again in "Princess Chic."
Get out your binoculars.

Mlle. Kate L. Ramey, a Tennessee beauty,
made her debut as a prima donna with the Fiske Jubi-
lee Singers, at Chicago, on Oct. 2.

The May Howard Extravaganza Company is on
its first trip. Of the thirty-three people with the show,
twenty-five are women, so you can see there are to be a
few hearts broken this season. As usual, Miss Howard,
looking younger than ever, holds the stage centre.

BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and
reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated.
Price only 25 cents.

Pastor's Theatre, have been engaged with Dinkins'
Utopians. Give us your "kind applause," Irishmen.

Sinclair and Carlisle are whooping things up
through Indiana with their dog and pony circus.

F. Pincus, whoever he is, has engaged Eddie
Carroll and Agnes Clark for the balance of the season.

Major Burke went to Philadelphia recently to
do his drill specialty; first time in eight years. Why?

The Albions, after a hard summer in vaude-
ville, are with the "Midnight in Chinatown" Company.

A. J. Hicks has signed with Fred Hallen and
Mollie Fuller to assist them in their new sketch, "The
Sleep Walkers."

Col. Hamilton's Big Specialty Show is "turn-
ing 'em away." That's too bad, for he may need the
money this winter.

Peter Le Roy, of the team of Le Roy and
Scott, has joined hands with his brother, under his own
name of Peter Stark.

The Three Deltorellis are doing a novel musi-
cal act. A great many people would like to see some-
thing novel in musical acts.

John and Bertha Gleeson, for the past two
seasons with the Rays in "A Hot Old Time," have
again returned to vaudeville.

Merritt and Rozella have a new act which
they call "Her Fifth Husband." Of course, it hasn't
anything to do with Lillian Russell.

As soon as Belle Emerson has her special scen-
ery built and painted she will charter a special train
and head for Fourteenth street, New York city, U. S. A.

Owing to the stranding of the Cleveland
Minstrels, the Contare Brothers are playing dates.
There'll be many a paragraph like that, but with differ-
ent names, printed this fall.

Zittella Flynn's New Big Sensation Show has
the following attractions: The Watermelon Trust, the

Grundys, Cones and Cones, Ella Anderson and Prince
Russell, the Bachelor Sisters, Conroy and Keeler,
Zittella, the Seyons and Farnum and Nelson.

The original De Arville Sisters—don't forget
the "Original"—have finished the Burt parks and are
looking for dates in the winter houses.

William Josh Daly has hit the pike for the
winter season. He has eighteen minstrels with him; a
goodly crowd—big business; big business.

Eddie Leonard, who is with Primrose and
Dockstader's Show, is making a hit. Even Primrose
himself goes out in front to laugh at his turn.

Strouse and Smith have been meeting with
great success with their illustrated song act. They are
well booked up for the winter in desirable houses.

Here's a secret. The names of the Sisters Mar-
guerite are Addie Favart and Estelle Jacob, and those
are not the original names, either. Don't tell anybody.

Sue Blanchard is the leading lady of the Nina
Repertoire Company. "Sue" doesn't seem quite strong
enough for that kind of a job. It ought to be Kathryn
or Margaret.

Edith Richards, of Bell and Richards, an-
nounces that she is making a hit with her slide trom-
bone solos. She would do better if she had a comedian
to work with.

The intimate friends of Laura Adelene and
Rubber are hereby notified that they may send Christ-
mas presents to them at the Boston Music Hall, the
week of Dec. 23.

Al Lawrence hopes to make enough money
with Waldron's Troubadours this season to go to Eng-
land in June. From present reports he ought to buy a
round trip ticket.

Banks Winter is a manager now, and is not
only entitled to wear a canary colored stud of huge
dimensions, but he can also use cuss words to the
ladies—if he wants.

The olio of the Gay Paris Burlesquers includes
the Jacksons, Floradora, in dances; the Connelly
Sisters, Lucier, Male and Kimball, the Shroudes, and
Allen and Mitchell.

Royal G. Miller and Cressy Russell have
joined hands and will hereafter be seen in high class
comedy sketches, featuring Miss Russell's expert and
fancy rifle shooting.

Anna Yale and Rose Carlin opened recently
with T. W. Dinkins' Innocent Maids Company and
were a big success. Their act was written by Eddie
Moran. Both play principal parts in first part and
burlesque.

J. R. Bonheur, the originator of the modern
animated pictures, was severely hurt in a runaway, in
which the ticket wagon of the Bonheur Brothers Shows
was overturned and wrecked on the road to Clyde,
Kan., recently.

Leone Vickers, Lizzie Kelly, Annie Davis and
Gracie Russell were a special attraction at the Shriners'
outing, Hampton Beach, N. H. Of course they were,
they are all good-looking and would be a special attrac-
tion anywhere.

The Two Hewetts, Emma and Fred, globe
performers, with their flying dog, Dan, free attraction
feature with Wright's Carnival Company, will remain
the entire season with Col. Wright, playing street fairs
in Southern States.

The Golden Gate Quartette, assisted by Fan-
nie Winfred and Buttercup, have closed a successful
summer season with Al and Mamie Anderson's "Lady
Africa" Company, and are with Ed. F. Rush's City
Club Company for the season.

Gibson and Melburne, while playing the
Chicago Opera House recently, were engaged by Mana-
ger D. B. Lewis, for his "Uncle Josh Spruceby" Com-
pany. Miss Melburne will play the soubrette role and
Mr. Gibson the green goods man.

Nye and Connor's show is launched---it may be
for the season and it "may be forever." The roster is
Thos. F. Nye, Albert J. Connor, T. C. Clark, Bert C.



Photo by Steinberg New York.

ESSIE KNAPP.

A Dainty Little Lady Now on Tour
with "The Ramblers."

Wood, W. S. Montgomery, Will J. Fitzgerald, Sydney
Pilson, Burt West, A. C. Stanley, H. P. Raver, Ida N.
Ellis, Day Dayso, Stella Maizie and Belle Barr.

MEN WHO LIKE DOGS

Will find a great deal of valuable information in
"The Dog Plot," published by RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y. The price is 25 cents.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ELEGANT FREE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT--LOVELY LUZETTE GEORGI

ROUTES OF BURLESQUE

—WHERE THEY ARE PLAYING—

AND VAUDEVILLE SHOWS

Managers of Shows Not Represented in This Column Are Requested to Send in Their Future Dates.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED FREE.

Circuses, Minstrels and All Miscellaneous Companies Will Have a Place on This Page—News Notes Solicited.

[Managers and agents of all vaudeville and burlesque companies, circuses and side shows of every description are requested to send in their advance dates for this column, and to contribute news paragraphs for publication on the dramatic page. All good photographs, whether of managers or performers, will be published in halftone free of charge. In the case of the latter portraits in character are more desirable.]

Big Sensation (James J. Johnson, Manager), Bijou Theatre, Paterson, N. J., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Bohemian Burlesquers (Miner & Van, Managers), Court Street Theatre, Buffalo, May 13-Oct. 19.

Bruns & Nina Vaudevilles, Nyack, N. Y., October 7-14.

Dainty Duchess Company (Fred Harvey, Manager), Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 7-12.

Devil's Daughter, Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

Felton's Vaudeville, Aurora, Ill., Oct. 3-5.

High Rollers (Charles E. Taylor, Manager), Milwaukee, Sept. 29-Oct. 5.

Kings and Queens Burlesquers (Harry W. Semon, Manager), Star Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., Indef.

Lady Africa, Providence, R. I., Indef.

Little Lambs (Harry Morris, Proprietor), St. Louis, Mo., Indef.

Manchester's Crackerjacks (Harry Leoni, Business Manager), Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

May Howard Extravaganza Company, Philadelphia, Sept. 23-Oct. 5.

Moulin Rouge Burlesquers (Fred Rider, Manager), Omaha, Neb., Indef.

Olympic Stock Company, Joplin, Mo., Indef.

Parisian Belles Burlesquers (H. W. Semon), Milwaukee, Wis., Indef.

Rose Hill Folly Company (Rice & Barton, Managers), Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Sheldon and Smith's, en route through the Philippines.

Star Stock Company, Sam T. Jack's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Indef.

The Hamblers (B. A. Myers, Manager), Star, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 30-October 3; New Bijou, Reading, Pa., to Oct. 5.

The Thoroughbred Burlesquers (Frank B. Carr, Manager), New York City, Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Trocadere Burlesquers (E. Dick Rider, Manager), Scranton, Pa., Oct. 3-5.

Utopians Burlesque Company (Jess Burns, Manager), New York, Sept. 30-Oct. 13.

Wilbur-Kirwin Opera Company (W. T. Powell, Manager), Salt Lake City, Indef.

World Beaters (Robie & Mack, Managers), Cleveland, O., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

MINSTRELS.

Big City Minstrels (Geo. B. Lowery's), Shenandoah, Pa., Oct. 22.

Fields, Al G., Montgomery, Ala., Oct. 3; Albany, Ga., 4; Macon, 5.

Hi Henry's, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

Powell & Travis' Big Female Minstrel Company (E. A. Chappelle, Manager), Dixon, Ill., October 1-5.

Richards & Pringle's (Rusco & Holland, Managers), Hallettsville, Tex., Oct. 3; Yoakum, 4; Gonzales, 5.

Quaker City, Philadelphia, Indef.

CIRCUSES

Bonheur Brothers, Liebenthal, Kan., October 4; Blon, 5; Otis, 7; Albert, 8; Pawnee Rock, 9; Larned, 10; Lewis, 11.

Kennedy Brothers' Wild West, Rochester, N. Y., Indef.

Lowande, Tony, on tour in West Indies.

Maguire's Educated Horses, in West Indies.

Publiones (Santrayo Publiones, Manager), on tour in Cuba.

Publiones (Santrayo Publiones, Manager), Havana, Cuba, Indef.

Trevino's Mexican Circus, on tour in Cuba.

Welsh Bros. Circus, Company No. 2, Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

MISCELLANEOUS

Butler, Helen May, Band (T. J. Leslie Spahn, Manager), Buffalo, N. Y., to November 1.

Christine, Millie, New Orleans, La., Indef.

Gaskill, Frank W., Carnival and Midway Shows, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 7-28.

Gleason (Horse Trainer), Toledo, O., Indef.

Hermann (Hypnotist), Troy, N. Y., Indef.



"UNCLE BILL" BRUMMAKER.

Veteran Fisherman of the Jersey Coast and a 28-pound Striped Bass that he landed with a Seger Rod at Asbury Park.

Herrmann, the Great, Stockton, Cal., Oct. 3; Woodland, 4; Oakland, 5.

Howe, Lenna (No. 1), Fall River, Mass., Indef.

Killie's Band (T. P. J. Power, Manager), Belleville, Kan., Indef.

Knowles (Hypnotists), Bonham, Tex., September 30-October 5.

Lowery Bros. New Olympia Shows, Pittsburg, Pa., Indef.

Maguire's Educated Horses (Art Selby, Manager), Philadelphia, Pa., Indef.

Marteau (Hypnotist), Bethel, Conn., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Mikels, May, Indianapolis, Ind., Indef.

Perkins' Boston Concert Band (Howard Pew, Manager), Atlantic City, N. J., Indef.

Prof. Helm's Carnival of Wonders, Joliet, Ill., Indef.

Quinceplexal (Henry Walsh, Manager), Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

Richard's Unique Shows, Fulton, Ark., June 10-Indef.

Rosalie Band (Fred Heckler, Manager), Bergen Beach, N. Y., Indef.

Roving Frank's Gypsy Camp (Frank Hubin, Manager), Atlantic City, N. J., Indef.

Sevengala (Walter C. Mack, Manager), Minersville, Pa., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Sorrentino's Italian Banda Rossa (Howard Pew, Manager), Pittsburg Exposition, Oct. 2-12.

FINE SPORTING PHOTOS

George McFadden, Frank Erne and Terry McGovern for 25 cents, or any other three you may select. \$1.00 buys thirteen of them.

Spencer's, Anna B., Ladies Orchestra, La-goon Island, Albany, N. Y., Indef.

Swingall (John S. Schreyer, Manager), Milton, Pa., Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

Veteran Corps First Regiment Infantry, Maysville Park, Philadelphia, Indef.

Now is the time to place your orders for show printing for the coming season with the Empire City Job Print, Fox Building, Franklin Sq., New York.

Culhane, Chace & Weston's Minstrels, under the direction of Will E. Culhane, are now making their first Southern tour, and so far the success is very gratifying. The programme in its entirety is making a most pronounced hit, Carmen, the hoop roller, and James A. Balsley, the banjoist, going especially big. William H. Chace is making new friends everywhere by his clever work. Other features in the olio are The Miller Brothers and Wink and Blink, comedy acrobats. The entire South will be played before returning North.

"UNCLE BILL" BRUMMAKER.

[WITH PHOTO.]

There are very few folks in Jersey who don't know "Uncle Bill" Brummaker, of Asbury Park, Trenton and a few other places which are not on the map. It is almost useless to say that "Uncle Bill" is a great lover of fishing. The photograph shows that. Look at the satisfied smile upon his face and you can imagine just how he felt when the photographer remarked, as all photographers will: "Look pleasant, please; it will soon be over."

"Uncle Bill" is the veteran of the Jersey coast, and it is safe to say he is one of the most popular men on the beach, for notwithstanding the fact that he has related a great many fish stories it is on record that on more than one occasion he has told the truth, which is a remarkable achievement when everything is taken into consideration.

When asked the other day the secret for his always making a catch, he remarked, sagely:

"Well, you see, I never go fishing when there ain't any fish around, but don't tell anybody."

I could tell you Bill's age, but I am afraid it might hurt his feelings. It may be stated, however, that he is younger than he looks.

He has done most of his fishing with the famous rods made by John Seger, of Asbury Park, and that accounts, in a measure, for his success in bringing the big fellows safely through the surf. Of course, Bill could fish with a fence picket, if there was nothing else handy, but he says he feels safer when he has one of Seger's green-hearts.

TOOK HER SHOE TO HIM.

[ILLUSTRATION.]

This ought to be a warning to that class of citizens known as nice old men not to make goo-goo eyes at young women who are good-looking. If they must flirt let them be coquettish with ladies somewhere near their own age.

This happened in an omnibus in Syracuse, and the young lady was a particularly attractive and

buxom specimen of budding womanhood, and, of course, the old boy wasn't to be blamed so very much. He was apparently very much interested in reading his paper, but he found time to get just a trifle gay with her.

She stood it patiently for a long while, and then suddenly stooping over she pulled off one of her No. 24, Oxford ties, and made a rush at grandpa, exclaiming:

"Don't you dare wink at me, you old reprobate."

She raised the slipper and would have landed at the first rush if she hadn't been restrained by her fellow passengers, who induced her to sit down and keep quiet.

Her outburst had the desired effect, however, for the old fellow left the vehicle at the next corner, while a nice-looking young fellow sympathized with her all the way home.

MILLIE VON LEAR.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Millie Von Lear, who is a very versatile performer, has associated herself with Hi Wallace and Jule Shelby in a triple act. The three have signed with Tanner's Hippodrome, and in November they sail for South America.

IN STREET CLOTHES.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Three well-known performers and entertainers were out on a little lark at Parkersburg, W. Va., recently, and had their pictures taken for the POLICE GAZETTE. The result is shown in this issue. The man with the broad smile is Victor V. Vass, a finger whistler, who is the "greatest ever;" the lady is Blanche Emery, and when she does coon shouting she gets 'em all going; the other man is George Bostwick, and although he really doesn't look it, yet he is a blackface comedian.

BARS AND CAFES

WHICH ARE

POPULAR RESORTS

William Rawnley's Shuffleboard Headquarters, Orange, N. J.

THE OWNER AN EXPERT

Guldi & Merz's Sacramento (Cal.) Cafe Where the Sports Meet.

(No. 183—With Photo.)

One of the finest cafes in Orange, N. J., is owned and run by Wm. Rawnley, at 302 Main street. It is noted as the shuffleboard headquarters of the city, and the game is a popular one throughout the State of New Jersey. He has several expert players belonging to his team, and he himself is open to play any man in the United States, on his own board, for a good-sized purse. Mr. Rawnley is a genial, good fellow and is well-known among the shuffleboard players of the country, having won quite a number of games in match contests.

THEY ARE ALL SPORTS.

(No. 184—With Photo.)

Fred Guldi and Christian Merz are the joint proprietors and managers of the Orpheum Exchange, a handsome resort at 806 K street, opposite the Clunie Opera House, Sacramento, Cal.

It is an especially popular resort for the sporting men of the Pacific coast, who rarely fail to drop in and talk sport with the genial owners.

ROBERT S. WARD.

[WITH PHOTO.]

One of the best blackface comedians, singers and dancers with the Bonheur Brothers famous shows is Robert S. Ward. He is a clever and consistent performer and never fails to make good in the ring or on the stage.

SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS HOME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The burning question of the hour in Boston now is: How many bottles of wine did a certain Back Bay widow drink to make her think the entrance to her house was her bedroom and cause her to do a disrobing act that would have made a hit with any burlesque show?

That's a rather long question, but perhaps she took long drinks. In any event it will be a long time before it is answered, for those who know her say she has a capacity like the tides of the sea.

The policeman on the beat—and he is such a nice man, too—made the first discovery. He saw her get out of a cab in front of her house and he also saw her start up the steps and then he made the tour of his beat.

When he came back she was seated on the stone steps; her shoes were off and she was busily engaged in throwing her garments to the four winds.

"Hey," he said, "where do you think you are?"

"You attend to your own business, officer, and leave my bedroom."

"Your bedroom?" he responded, and then a light



Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.

LILLIAN BURKE.

She's an Actress, of course, and She's Wearing Her Stage Clothes.

broke in upon his darkened mind. He went up the steps and rang the bell so hard that he had every servant in the house awake in an instant. They came trooping down stairs.

"You take your mistress in," he said, "and take her in quick, or I'll have to get a horse blanket for her."

They took her in without further argument, but the policeman has a No. 1 shoe as a souvenir.

RULES OF ALL GAMES

This is one of the most valuable publications ever issued. It contains the rules governing athletic contests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.

WHO WILL BE the LUCKY BARTENDER to WIN the MEDAL? Announcement will be made as soon as possible



MILLIE VON LEAR.

CLEVER GYMNAST WHO IS ASSOCIATED WITH HI WALLACE AND JULE SHELBY IN AN ACROBATIC ACT.



Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.

FANNY DA COSTA.

FAME CAME TO HER BY HER PROMINENCE IN THE MAY HOWARD AGGREGATION OF BURLESQUE QUEENS.



Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.

HELEN DALE.

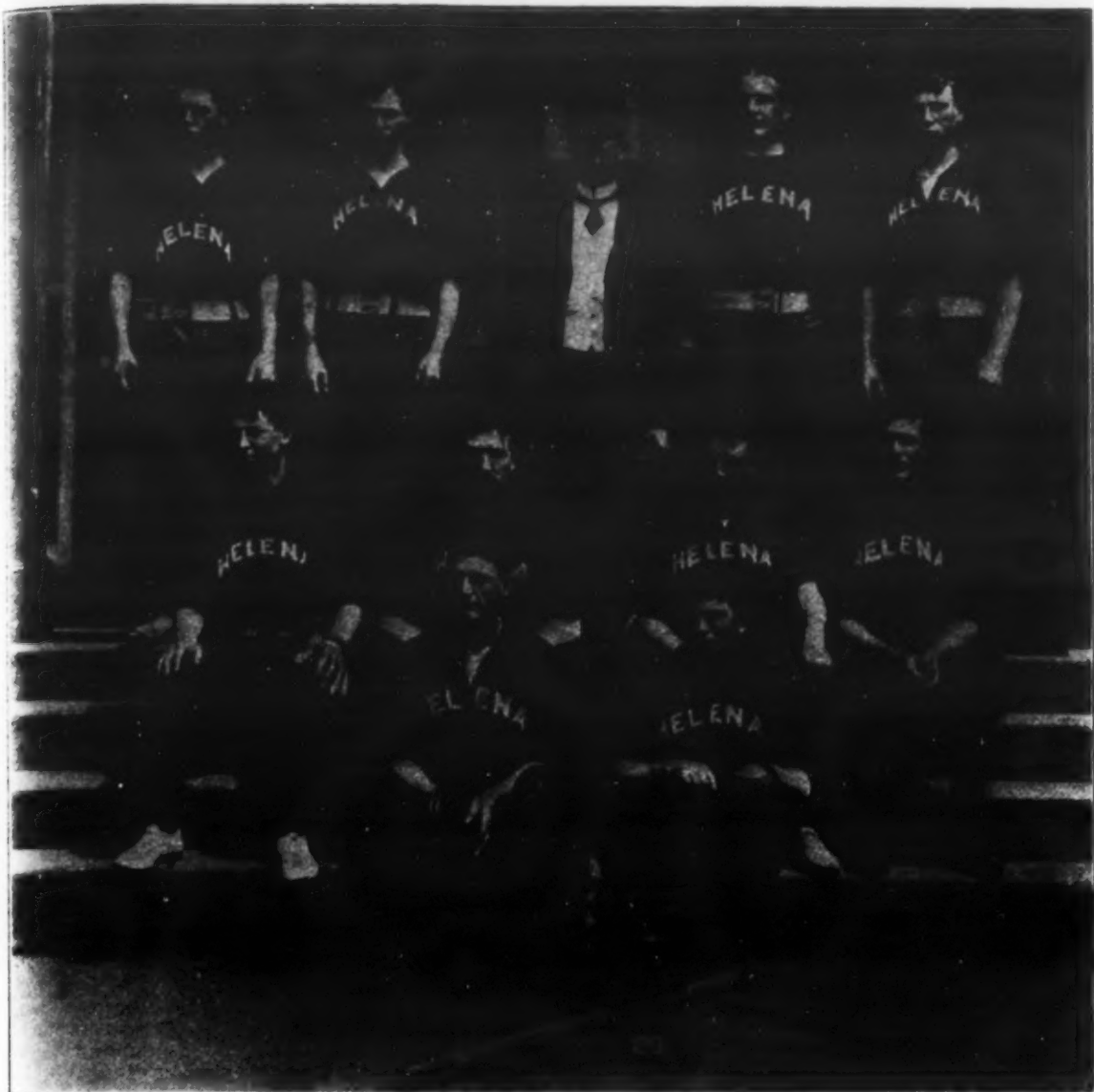
CUTE LITTLE SOUBRETTE AND HER CUTE LITTLE TERRIER—SHE'S WITH "THE HEART OF CHICAGO" COMPANY.



Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.

AGNES EVANS.

ONE OF THE DAZZLERS WITH "THE DAZZLER" COMPANY, WHO REFUSES TO TELL ANYBODY HER ACTUAL WEIGHT.



NAVAL BASEBALL PLAYERS.

GLANCE AT THESE STURDY JACK TARS FROM THE U. S. S. HELENA WHO ARE CHAMPIONS OF THE ASIATIC STATION.



Photo by Wilson, Chicago.

THE LEON SISTERS.

ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T LOOK IT, YET THEY ARE REALLY CLEVER ACROBATS--THEY DANCE, TOO.



N. P. CASHAN.

ONE OF THE LEADING BARBERS OF JERSEY CITY, N. J.



Photo by Wilson, Chicago.

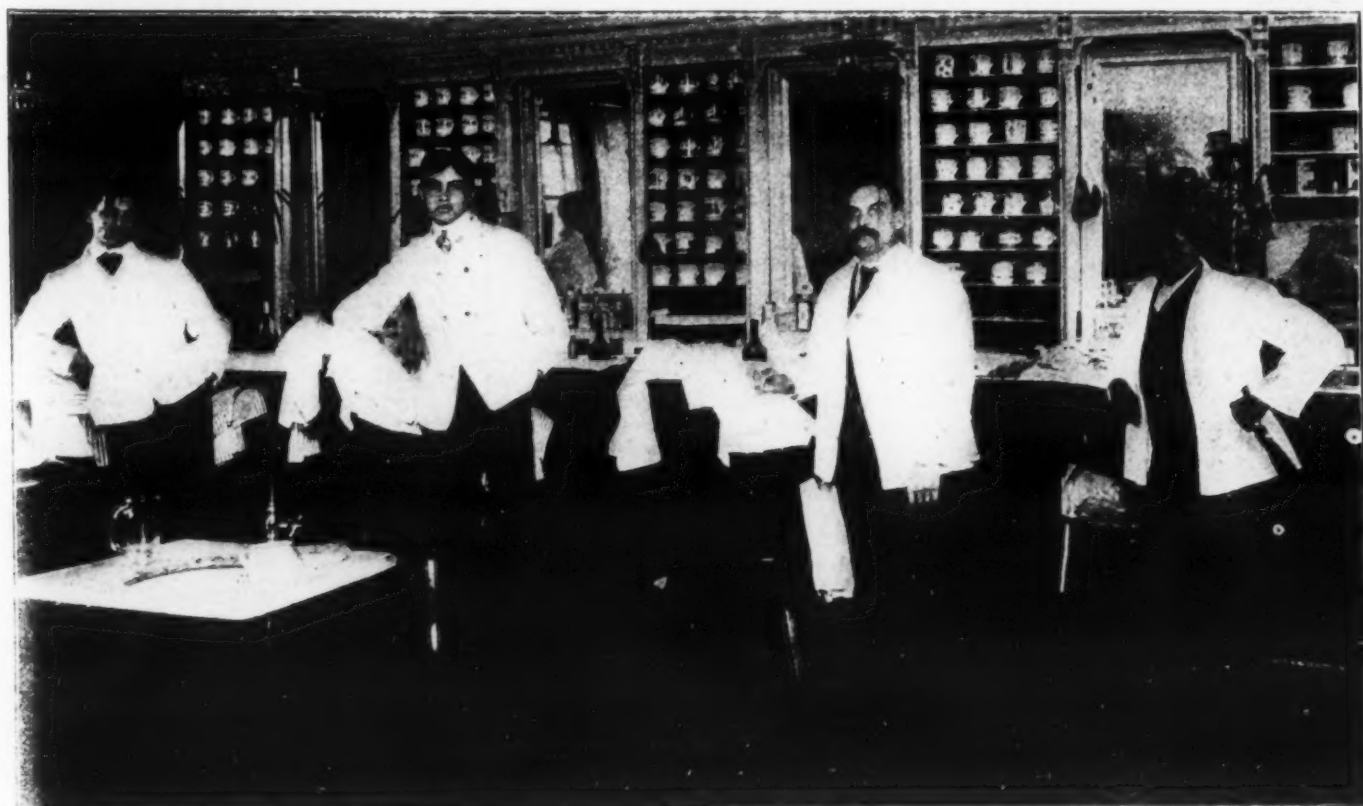
FOUR OLLIFANS.

WHEN IT COMES TO DOING FLIP FLAPS AND THROWING SOMERSAULTS, THEY ARE STRICTLY IN IT.



CHAS. E. VINEYARD.

BARBER OF BENNINGTON, KAN., WHO IS A HUSTLER.



A FINE SHOP.

WILLIAM NAGLE'S POPULAR TONSORIAL ESTABLISHMENT ON INDEPENDENCE STREET, SHAMOKIN, PA., AND HIS ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANTS.



Photo by Young & Carl Cincinnati.

W. A. CAMPBELL.

CLEVER ACROBATIC YOUTH WHO IS A VAUDEVILLE FEATURE.

COWBOYS CUT LOOSE

AND HAVE A GOOD TIME ON

CHEYENNE'S FRONTIER DAY

Western Women Riders Show Their Grace, Skill and Daring in a Race in Which They Ride Astride.

RACES FOR REAL MONEY CREATE ENTHUSIASM.

But the Sensational Event of the Day Was the Wild Horse Race in Which Nerry Men Show What They Can do in the Saddle.

This is the way, according to a correspondent, that the Westerners have fun and enjoy themselves on a gala day:

He stood in one corner of the rude corral, his forefeet outspread and firmly planted on the yielding earth, alert, watchful, wicked! Black as the wings of night, clean limbed, deep chested, with arching neck, broad, intelligent head, little shapely pointed ears and a tangled luxuriance of mane and tail.

Bold and beautiful! With the grace of the wind in his slender limbs, and the proud freedom of the plains in his great dark eyes, which roved restlessly about his narrow prison.

Just a wild horse, unbroken, untamed! A king of the desert, trapped but undaunted; an outlaw, whose beauty of speed, wickedness and intelligence, had made him known to every cowboy in Wyoming.

A week ago they captured him, far up among the lonely hills—and at the thought of it his velvety nostrils dilated until they showed their blood-red lining, while his lips curled back over his strong teeth.

They hadn't given him a fair show, that was certain. Why, he'd have laughed—if a horse could laugh—when he saw those three men riding down the hill, when he emerged with his little troop at his heels from a clump of willows beyond which they had taken their morning drink. To run away from such horses as those was amusement, and he had sounded the alarm and been off down the valley almost at the same breath, while his little band had wheeled into the trees, crossed the stream and were speeding upon the plain before the foe realized what they had seen.

It was just at dawn and the world was alive with the glory of the coming morn, the air was crisp and cold up there among the hills, and a race the one thing needed to fill his cup of happiness. He heard the flying hoofs behind him, and out of one corner of his eye caught a glimpse of the circling rope that just grazed his flank when he swerved aside—and then he got down to business and ran.

His gleaming hoofs scarce seemed to touch the earth over which he flew with the grace of a bird in flight. The cowboys behind him rose in their stirrups and with wild yells and waving sombreros attested their admiration and delight, and on he sped. He heard the cries grow fainter and fainter, then he ran into a narrow valley between two rock cliffs, slackened his speed and came face to face with his fate.

The encircling noose had settled about his neck and he was fighting for breath before he knew what had happened him—and then what a fight he gave them before they got him lariat-ed fore and aft, and towed him, kicking, fighting, down to that horrible pen into which they had driven him. He had never been afraid before—never in his whole free, untrammelled life, but that swaying, rocking, noisy thing had made him snort with pure terror.

When they let him out of that dark place he had been glad, but they had tied him up again and brought him here, where he was cornered. He didn't know what they were going to do with him, but he did know that whatever it was he would fight.

So he stood there, in a corner of the rough inclosure—waiting—the great muscles showing under his ebony coat, every nerve vividly alive and tense—ready for anything.

It was Wednesday, the opening day of the frontier celebration at Cheyenne, and 10,000 people had filed into the fair grounds out on the border of that charming town. Out in the field a company of Cheyenne's mounted militia mingled with crowds of mounted cowboys and that most interesting of Wyoming's products, cowgirls, and a great band of Indians in war paint and feathers made a brilliant splash of color down near the corrals.

The "Fort Morgan Band," an aggregation of blonde gentlemen, some of whom might hope for prizes in a fat man's contest, but who won't do as a band, were right there in front of the grand stand, wearing shirts so loud that even the Indians felt themselves out-classed. After the overture the cow pony and free-for-all races were run; then twenty Indians came up to the scratch and sailed around the track.

After they had done a few fancy steps and let out a gentle whoop or two, they cavorted over into the field, and, wrapping their blankets about them, squatted down to watch their "pale-faced" friends do stunts, while the chief tried to count the number of drinks he could buy with his purse of \$20. Then there was a commotion over in the field and out onto the track came a troupe of girls that would make a European audience sit up and take notice. Ten slender young creatures, riding man fashion and sitting their little horses with the ease and grace of veterans. The Etontes got in their work again, everybody on the grand stand rose and cheered, while the girls jockeyed for position, got away, were called back, and finally were off. How they rode—fearlessly, splendidly, lashing their ponies, leaning far forward on their big clumsy saddles, their hats blown off, their hair streaming in the wind, their faces flushed and their eyes sparkling with excitement. Round they went, and up

the home stretch, a dun colored horse and a bright bay leading, running neck and neck. A final effort and the bay is under the wire, half a length ahead, and sailing on up the track—his rider, a tall young girl in divided skirts, a white shirt and a mass of beautiful blonde hair which fell far below her waist, tugging at the bit and laughing at her rival, while the crowd yelled and shrieked and the megaphone bawled, "You'll have to hurry if you catch Miss Pawson"—and the race was over.

More cow pony races, an Indian war dance, a relay race, where the riders change horse, saddles and bridles four times in two miles, and a stake race where the horses ran 100 yards to a stake, turn it and come back—and then—the real event of the day—the wild horse race!

Over and above the corrals a cloud of dust swirled and eddied about. You caught sudden glimpses of rearing, plunging horses, and heard the restless stamping of many hoofs. There was an exodus of people from the fields, a general retreat to places of safety. All about were careening horses, carrying men wearing big, flapping hats and fringed leather chapeaus; a dozen men were clinging to the top of the corral fence, the gate was opened and a mounted cowboy was circling about among the horses. His lariat described a circle in the dust-laden air, and in a twinkling a maddened animal was plunging across the field on the end of a rope. There was a struggle for every foot of the way, but he was finally landed on the track and a man on horseback was trying to make his acquaintance preparatory to saddling him, while a dozen or more cowboys entered the corral, one at a time, and each brought forth his victim. The whole field and track was a seething vortex of whirling horses and entangling ropes—wild horses, trained cow ponies and enthusiastic spectators, all mixed up in one vast, animated and deeply fascinating picture.

And then, as a last, never-to-be-forgotten note, came the wild, black beauty!

Fighting, plunging, rearing, kicking, rolling on the ground, his nostrils widely dilated, his eyes bloodshot, his mouth foaming—he was magnificent, he was superb! Everybody was on his feet. They yelled, they screamed, they bent forward with cries of encouragement, first for the man, and then for the horse. Across the field and back again they went, fighting for the mastery. Then slowly the man brought him



GEORGE A. BAUER.

Clever Young Chicago Bicyclist who has invented a New Handle Bar.

nearer and nearer to the goal. With a dexterous jerk they were on the track, and in five minutes the signal was given to saddle.

Imagine trying to put a bit on a cyclone, or fasten a strap about a streak of lightning. Think of bridling an express train, or straddling a wave on the ocean—it was a combination of all those things, but he did it, that man of Wyoming. More, he got into the saddle and he rode that little black devil—if you can call it

THE BARTENDER'S FRIEND

Bartenders, get a copy of the "New Police Gazette Guide." All the latest drinks are in it. Price 25 cents.

riding to break down fences, lie down and roll over, turn a back somersault and walk first on his forelegs and then stand upright on his hind legs to leap and buck and paw the air; in fact to do everything except to run a race. That he didn't do, but no one on that grand stand had any fault to find. They were brimful and running over with satisfaction, and when a bay



IN THEIR STREET CLOTHES.

Victor Vass, the Whistler; Blanche Emery, Coon Shouter, and Geo. Bostwick, Black-Face Comedian.

horse, that had simply bucked himself clear around the track came up to the wire and refused to go another step, and the cowboy riding him turned around and backed him under the wire, and was promptly declared the winner—well, there wasn't a thing doing!

Then they loosed the wild steers and the fun came fast and furious. Out of pure wantonness a lithe limbed son of the plains rode up beside a great bay steer and vaulting onto its back rode it without rope or halter, round the track until it dropped from sheer exhaustion. Then the crowd headed for town, horns blowing, megaphones bawling, and shouting, singing, laughing and good natured they filled the trains, overran the roads and packed the wagons, en route for dinner and the French ball.

Then a silence, vast and dreamlike, fell over that inclosure. The night came softly down, the moon peeped from behind a cloud and all the stars of heaven laughed above that strange little hollow where Cheyenne had flamed into brilliant life. And in the tiny corral, backed into a shadowy corner, stood the wild black beauty, his head drooping, his sides heaving, and his heart on fire with indignation. Fate had overtaken him—the badge of slavery had been on his back and between his teeth, and his heart was broken.

And when my train pulled out of the station, Cheyenne was in the throes of a high old time, and the strangers within her gates were seeing the nearest approach to a frontier day that this great and glorious West is ever likely to show them again.

C. E. VINEYARD.

[WITH PHOTO.]

C. E. Vineyard is a wide-awake tonsorialist of Bennington, Kan. He's a poet, too, for here are the verses he has on his writing paper:

My chairs are the best,
My razors, tip-top;
If you want a smooth shave,
Just come to my shop.

WRIGHT A. CAMPBELL.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Wright A. Campbell was born in Scranton, Pa., eighteen years ago. He began to train as an acrobat when but thirteen years old and soon became so proficient that he was recognized as the best tumbler in Scranton. In 1897 he joined Harding and Ah Sid, making a three act. He remained with them until he broke his leg while doing a difficult trick. After remaining in the hospital for six months he joined hands with Thomas Collier, doing a double acrobatic act with the Miles Ideal Stock Company. The following season he joined Edna Bassett Marshall's Street Urchin Quartette, being the strongest feature of the act. Mr. Campbell is now working alone doing his acrobatic act, introducing forward and backward somersaults, twisters and acrobatic dancing.

KEENA.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Keena, as his photograph will show, is a contortionist. He can get pretty close to himself when he is doing his turn, and, in his own language, his act is "marvelous." His permanent address is 2127 Gravier street, New Orleans, La.

A GAY SPIELER

WANTED A DANCE AND

GOT A WHIPPING

You See, the Woman Had a Husband Handy.

RESULT---ROUGH HOUSE

Peacemaking Policeman Gets a Doing up That Sends Him to the Hospital.

Just an innocent dance—one of those quiet little affairs which don't even break the stillness in the mountains just within the northern confines of the city—but, oh, such consequences! The woman who couldn't keep her feet still, her husband, the man who liked to see her dance and a friend of his went to jail, while the poor policeman had to be carted away to the hospital, where he is still undergoing repairs. Lots of other things happened, too.

The woman with the unruly feet and her husband have been living very happily and peacefully together on the Brooklyn side of the Bridge of Sighs. The husband, by the way, is a sport and likes fast horses. He owns a couple, too, and it was behind one of his steeds that he and his wife drove to Manhattan.

They drove on the Speedway until they had long passed the milestone at 180th street, and then they started to explore the wilderness, as it were. Over hill and dale the good horse took them until a well-known resort at 170th street was reached. There they stopped for supper.

Unfortunately strains of a waltz, variously described, floated or drifted, as the case may be, into the dining-room, and then began the foot movement on the part of the lady, who has just celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday.

"I just must dance," she said.

"Why, you don't know anyone here," he told her.

"But you must dance with me," she said, and he did.

The affair was a sort of a festival dear to the hearts of the mountaineers, and the couple were soon enjoying themselves immensely. But the young wife danced better than was good for her. In fact, she danced so well that she attracted the attention of a young man who had strayed up there all the way from his home in East Fourth street. Nevertheless, he understood the etiquette of the place thoroughly. As soon as the dance was over he approached the young woman with the anxious feet and said:

"Let me take this next dance."

"Sir!" said the wife, with much dignity.

The youth, it is said, thought she had not understood him.

"I say," he remarked, "that we will dance this next one together."

Then spoke up the sporty husband.

"No, you won't," he cried. "You are insulting my wife." And he landed a heavy fist on the jaw of the man from East Fourth street. Then he started to take his wife out, for the would-be dancer was lying at full length on the floor, but such a rapid exit was not to be.

The young man's friends seemed to be legion, and in a moment one of the most glorious fights ever held in the community was in progress. Just how many were in it is only a matter of conjecture, but when a policeman tried to restore peace he made a mistake that proved almost fatal.

The one who hurt him most was the wife, who proved to be as adept with her fingers as with her feet. She scratched the policeman most artistically when he tried to arrest her husband, and one or two other persons also did what they could to make it unpleasant for the man of the law.

The man who has charge of the place sent a hurry call for the reserves at the Morrisania police station, and the fallen peacemaker was rescued. The whole outfit was arrested, and the policeman was taken to the Fordham Hospital. The couple from Brooklyn stayed in jail several hours before they could procure bail.

NAVAL BASEBALL PLAYERS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

They have picked a fine baseball team from among the crew of the U. S. S. Helena, and the boys have put up such a fine game that they are the champions of the Asiatic station. Those in the picture are: Cushing, c. f.; Speck, substitute; Landale, manager; Harris, 1b; Windale, l. f.; Vaughn, 3d b; Ross, p; Lewis, c; Wilson, 2d b and captain; Cornell, s. s. and Dempsey, r. f.

A. M. RUFFU, JR.

[WITH PHOTO.]

A. M. Ruffu, Jr. is a young and enterprising barber of 2312 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. He is a member of sixteen organizations, as follows:

Fire Marshal, Chelsea Fire Co. No. 6, A. C. V. F. D.; Jr. past Chief Ranger of Court Atlantic No. 96; Foresters of America; Jr. past Councilor, State Representative and Chairman of Trustees of Prosperity Council No. 15, D. of A.; Jr. past Councilor and Chairman of Trustees of Lexington Council No. 125, Jr. O. U. A. M.; Trustee of Star Atlantic Lodge No. 27, Shepherds of Bethlehem; Third Sergeant of Red Men's League No. 1; First Warrior of Minnesota Tribe No. 223, Improved Order of Red Men; Ex-secretary of Master Barbers' Protective Association. He is also a member of several republican organizations and has served as member of Board of Election for the past three years.

FIGHTERS AND THEIR RECORDS

All the champions to date, with portraits, in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1901. Price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

ONLY TEN DAYS MORE FOR THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST--DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE

AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDERS

A HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL YACHTING

FOR THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

How the American Sloop Originally Won the Now Famous Trophy and the Successive Efforts Made to "Lift" It.

TRIBUTE TO A FAMOUS IRISH SPORTSMAN

Ocean Races For the Distinction of Being a Challenger---Changes in Conditions Governing the Trophy---Supremacy of America in Yacht Building.

NO. 2.

The first trial races ever held for the selection of a cup defender took place in October, 1881; the Mischief was awarded the honor. She was hauled out, and under the fostering care of her skipper, old Captain "Than" Clock, was put in as perfect condition as any yacht which has ever raced for the cup, her iron bottom being scraped and sandpapered, carefully painted with red lead, and then covered with successive coats of varnish, into which "pot-lead" or graphite was rubbed with brushes until the hull of the yacht from plank-sheer to keel shone like a mirror. Above deck the Mischief was superior in rigging and canvas to most of the New York fleet of the time, and she came to the line on November 9 for the first race in absolutely faultless racing form. It was the same old story, the Mischief won by half an hour in each of the two races sailed, and the cup was again secured.

Several years elapsed before another effort was made to capture the cup, and in the meantime the idea of a cutter being faster than a sloop had gained such headway that the next boat to attempt to defeat us was of that pattern. The challenge came in December of 1884, in the shape of a letter, stating the desire of the owners of the Genesta and Galatea to sail for the cup. Owing to the peculiar condition attached to the cup by the New York Yacht Club in 1882, by which the challenger was prohibited from giving more than seven months' notice of his intention, the club declined to give a formal acceptance to the challenge; although it was clearly understood that both challenges would be finally accepted. When the specified time for challenging arrived, the 1st of March, 1885, a formal challenge from both yachts was received and accepted, and the serious question of defending the cup was again before the club. One challenger was ready, the other partly built, and two months of valuable time had been wasted to the defenders through their insistence on an absurd technicality, leaving barely six months for preparation. The task, too, was far more serious than ever before; the challengers were racing, not cruising craft; one of known speed, and both considerably larger than the existing American sloops.

From the first acceptance of the double challenge the air was full of rumors of cup defenders from all quarters, but as the days went by it seemed as though the new sloop, the Priscilla, would have the field to herself. At last, however, there came the news of another yacht from an unlooked-for quarter, to be designed by Edward Burgess and owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, members of the Eastern Yacht Club. Mr. Burgess was known as an experienced amateur yachtsman, who, by a sudden turn of ill fortune, had been induced to direct his attention to yacht designing as a profession, and whose work thus far had aspired no higher than a few small cruising cutters. The Puritan was ready in good season, making her trial trip June 17 and sailing her first race two weeks later in the annual regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club. In it she not only defeated easily sloops of the 70-foot class, but out sailed the nine schooners entered, beating the old America by an hour.

After beating the Priscilla two out of the three races to see which should defend the cup, the first of the three cup races was sailed on Sept. 14, 1885, and it resulted in a decided victory for the American boat. It was over the inside course on New York bay and in light and fluke weather. The second, and as it proved the last, was sailed under more satisfactory conditions—a run of twenty miles out to sea before a good wind and a beat home against half a gale. Although the Puritan was again the victor, the result was so close, and might so easily have been reversed, that the question is still an open one with yachtsmen whether the Genesta might not have won had she been properly handled.

Of the two interested parties the Americans were the first to lay the lessons of 1885 to heart, and to profit by them in the general adoption of the still wide but deeper hull with outside lead keel and the cutter rig, which though properly a "center-board cutter," was delicately alluded to as a "compromise sloop." The delays incident to a first season made it impossible for the Galatea to come out with the Genesta, and her challenge was postponed to 1886. By this time the excitement of the cup races was at its highest point; the victory of the Puritan elated the Eastern yachtsmen and placed those of New York on their mettle to retrieve their laurels. General Paine, the head of the Puritan syndicate, was early in the field with a new Burgess boat, the Mayflower; the Puritan, purchased by another of the syndicate, J. Malcolm Forbes, was ready; the Priscilla, in new hands, received important alterations during the winter and a fourth yacht was begun in New York.

This year all were ready in good season, the Mayflower, in her first race in the Eastern Yacht regatta, showing a dangerous lack of stability which was soon remedied by additional lead on the keel and a reduction of weights aloft. The quartette sailed in all of the spring regattas about New York and later met on the New York Yacht Club cruise, so that the trial races in September were a mere formality, the Mayflower hav-

ing already won her place at the head of the fleet, with the Puritan second. When the cup races came off, in the lightest of weather, they were a disappointment, not only to the friends of the Galatea, but to all who wished to see good racing and a decisive test of the yachts, but the result was verified by the subsequent performances of the Galatea in American waters, which proved that she was not only inferior to the Puritan, but by no means equal to the Genesta. So far as Americans were concerned, the races taught but little this time; it was the other side which gained by the lesson. Lieut. Henn went home in the fall, leaving



HOW SHAMROCK I. WAS DEFEATED.

One of the Accidents which Occasionally Happen in Yacht Racing at a Critical Time.

his yacht laid up here, and at once entered heartily into the annual agitation for a change of the measurement rule of the Yacht Racing Association, which toward the last of the year reached a successful result. After a very thorough inquiry, in the course of which the leading British designers were called on to give their opinions as to length, the old tonnage rule which had done so much both to help and hurt yachting, first in teaching the value of outside ballast, and then in compelling the construction of extremely narrow craft, was finally replaced by a length and sail-area rule very similar to that used for three years by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and later generally adopted by American clubs.

The first to avail himself of the new rule was G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, and towards the end of the year the keel of the Thistle was laid. The radical difference between the Thistle and the typical British cutter of the preceding decade was shown in her beam of 20 feet 4 inches, as compared with the 15 feet of the Galatea, the length and draft being the same, while the Thistle carried some 2,000 feet more canvas. Although the majority of American yachtsmen were agreed that the new Clyde boat was a far more dangerous antagonist than any that had yet challenged, by common consent the defense of the cup was left to General Paine and Mr. Burgess as soon as it was known that they were ready with a new design. Once more the defending club wasted months of valuable time through refusing to recognize the early challenge of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, a syndicate of whose members were the owners of the Thistle, and not until the stipulated six months' limit was reached, in March, 1887, was the

A GREAT GUIDE

The "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide" for 1901 will give you the information you are looking for. The price is only 25 cents, postpaid. A mine of information.

challenge formally accepted and the keel of the Volunteer laid.

The new yacht differed from the Mayflower mainly in added depth and draft, displacement and sail area, each successive change from the Puritan being in the direction of the cutter, although the center-board was still a distinguishing feature. She was, however, of steel, like the Thistle. To everybody's surprise, the Thistle proved far less formidable than had been anticipated. Her very poor performance in the first fluky race over the inside course might be excused, in part through the very light wind, and the combination of bad luck and bad judgment shortly after the start, but the second race, outside the Hook, was perfectly fair and conclusive, resulting in a victory for the Volunteer by 12 minutes. With the adoption of more stringent conditions of challenge immediately after the Volunteer's victory, all contests for the America's cup ceased for an indefinite time, and the fleet of large yachts created by necessity for cup defense disappeared almost as rapidly as it had come into existence.

At the close of the yachting season of 1892 the America's cup again became an object of interest, and it was with great gratification that the news was received that another challenger was coming over. This time it was the Earl of Dunraven who made the attempt and his boat was the Valkyrie, an 85-foot cutter designed by Watson. To meet the Valkyrie a syndicate placed an order with the Herreshoffs for an 85-footer named the Colonia. Another syndicate, headed by Commodore Morgan, ordered another of the Herreshoffs, their yacht being a departure, having two feet more beam, with a center-board and a draft of thirteen feet. Another of her peculiarities was the Tobin bronze bottom. She proved to be the fastest boat of all the defenders and met the Valkyrie in the races for the cup. In the three contests called the Vigilant clearly demonstrated her superiority.

Then along came Sir Thomas Lipton, one of the most popular of Great Britain's sportsmen, and his Shamrock. The latter met Columbia in a series of races, the result of which is too fresh in the minds of all who love the sport to need repeating. The defeats sustained by

WHAT MEN WANT

They Must Have Nerve in Order to be Happy.

NOW FREE TO ALL

The question is have you lost your "nerve?"

By this we do not mean the white cords that lead from the brain and spinal matter to every part of your body:

"Chords that vibrate keenest pleasure, And thrill the deepest notes of woe."

Of course you have nerves; it is not nerves we are enquiring about, but "nerve"—that vital element, which, passing over these chords, makes them tingle with exuberance of animation and energy, the lust of life, that exquisite joy of mere living, the confidence and exultation of conscious power.

There is a medicine that imparts "nerve" and all the power and attributes of superb and virile manhood. They will enable any man to privately, quickly and cheaply cure himself of nervous exhaustion and its attendant defects and weaknesses that unfit for the duties and pleasures of life.

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The formula for this medicine is absolutely free for the asking, and we want every man to have it. Secure this free prescription, make up and use some of this wonderful medicine in the privacy of your own home and be all that becomes a man.

This offer is open to all and the receipt will be sent free, sealed and fully prepaid to everyone who will apply for it. Send your name and address to G. B. Wright, music dealer, box 794, Marshall, Mich.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Connecticut League is talking of taking in Hartford and Springfield. A good idea.

New Orleans is the best city in the Southern League. The Crescent City, it is said, will clear \$25,000 on the season.

Charles Bueckmann, the first victim of the football game this season, died at Chicago from injuries received in a Sunday game.

The programme for the winter races at New Orleans is ready. The added money in both the stakes and purses will be larger than ever before.

The fast and unbeaten Dan Patch, 2.04 1-2, is owned by Dan Memner, of Oxford, Ind., and the latter refused an offer of \$20,000 for him last week.

Burns Pierce, who was recently defeated by Archie McEachern in a 20-mile motor-paced race at Washington, has announced his intention of giving up professional bicycle racing.

Gene De Montreville has informed Director Billings of the Boston club that "they" are after him. No doubt Washington would like to secure this fine player, as he is a native of that city.

Columbia's fall practice of her crew candidates will begin shortly after college opens next month. Edward Hanlan is expected in New York soon, and he will again have charge of the navy's work.

Jimmy Dwyer, the youngest son of M. F. Dwyer, the well known turfman, died in New York recently. He was quite well known among turfmen, having raced a stable of horses at Fort Erie during two seasons.

"The American League will not go into New York next year," says Ban Johnson. "Although it would be easy for us to secure a location for a park and we would not be afraid of any opposition that might be given us by Freedman."

M. J. Sheridan, of the Pastime A. C., of New York, threw the discus 120 feet 7 1/4 inches at the games of the Entre Nous A. C. at Willard Park, Paterson. If the performance receives the endorsement of the A. A. U. this will be a new world's record.

"Virginia" Carroll, the well-known Western bookmaker, who has had a turbulent career owing to his violent temper, has been prohibited from doing business on the Harlem track in future, and it is likely that he will be barred from all the Western tracks.

SPORTING REFERENCE BOOKS

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Card Player," "The Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York

Have You a Fighting Dog or a Fast Horse? Send the Photograph to the POLICE GAZETTE for Publication



SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS HOME.

A GAY WIDOW DOES A DISROBING ACT ON THE STEPS OF HER RESIDENCE IN BOSTON, MASS. QUESTION: HOW MANY BOTTLES DID SHE HAVE?



TOOK HER SHOE TO HIM.

BECAUSE A NICE OLD MAN MADE GOO-GOO EYES AT HER A SYRACUSE YOUNG WOMAN WANTED TO HURT HIM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET HER.

HARRY CORBETT WILL REFEREE

THE BIG CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE BETWEEN

JIM JEFFRIES AND GUS RUHLIN

The Selection Was a Wise One and Well Calculated to Inspire Confidence Among Ring Bettors.

JEFF'S POOR WORK WITH GRIFFIN EXPLAINED

'Frisco Critic Accuses McGovern of Cowardice in Not Meeting Hegarty---Brooklyn Lad's Open Challenge---Mob Rule at Fort Erie.

Harry Corbett will referee the fight between champion Jim Jeffries and Gus Ruhlín, which takes place in San Francisco in November. When the big pugilists signed their original articles George Siler was chosen. But the promoters of the fight objected to him on the ground that he is not a Californian. Corbett, who is a brother of the former champion, has had considerable experience, and it is thought that his work will prove satisfactory. Everything has now been settled and there will be no further hitch. Jeffries is training at Harbin Springs, while Ruhlín is getting ready at Blankin's Six-Mile House, near Frisco, a favorite place with Eastern fighters who train on the coast. The preliminary condition of both men is such as to indicate that they will be in fine shape when they enter the ring to fight.

That four-round affair between Jim Jeffries and Hank Griffin, in Los Angeles the other night, has occasioned a lot of talk, and the fact that the champion failed to knock the black man out in four rounds seems to have been sufficient to inspire the belief in some quarters that he no longer possesses the fighting quality which gained him his title. Some have even gone so far as to predict his defeat when he meets Ruhlín, solely on the showing he made in his bout with Griffin. The form he displayed, however, was not surprising to Eastern followers of the game, who have seen the champion in action, for Jeff is not a quick finisher. He has never won a fight in short order. That is not his style. He depends upon his wonderful endurance, and wins after having worn the other fellow out gradually. A Western critic, in commenting on Jeffries' bout with Griffin, writes as follows:

"Throughout the entire bout Jeffries scarcely had the opportunity for a swing, and when he did the negro was several feet out of reach. Every time Jeffries landed it was with short arm work and his blows did not appear to have any steam.

"It was the first time Jeffries had appeared in an actual fight in his own town since he won the championship, and better things were expected of him.

"Griffin, of nearly equal height with Jeffries, weighed 180 pounds to the champion's 220.

"As was expected, Jeffries did nearly all of the leading in the first round.

"Griffin appeared to be scared. He clinched a dozen times or more, but eluded every effort of the champion to land a swing.

"Twice the negro went down and took nine seconds count. Toward the end of the round Griffin planted a good kidney blow and escaped punishment.

"Jeffries looked less confident in the second round. Time and again he went after the negro, only to run into a clinch or to reach the air.

"Jeffries succeeded in landing several short-arm blows that did no particular damage. Jeffries' most effective work was done in the third round. Once he placed an uppercut that jarred the negro considerably.

"Just before this Griffin landed two stinging rights on the champion's mouth. The fourth round was comparatively tame. It was spent almost entirely in indecisive fighting. Griffin gained confidence with every minute. Jeffries was puffing and blowing before the final gong."

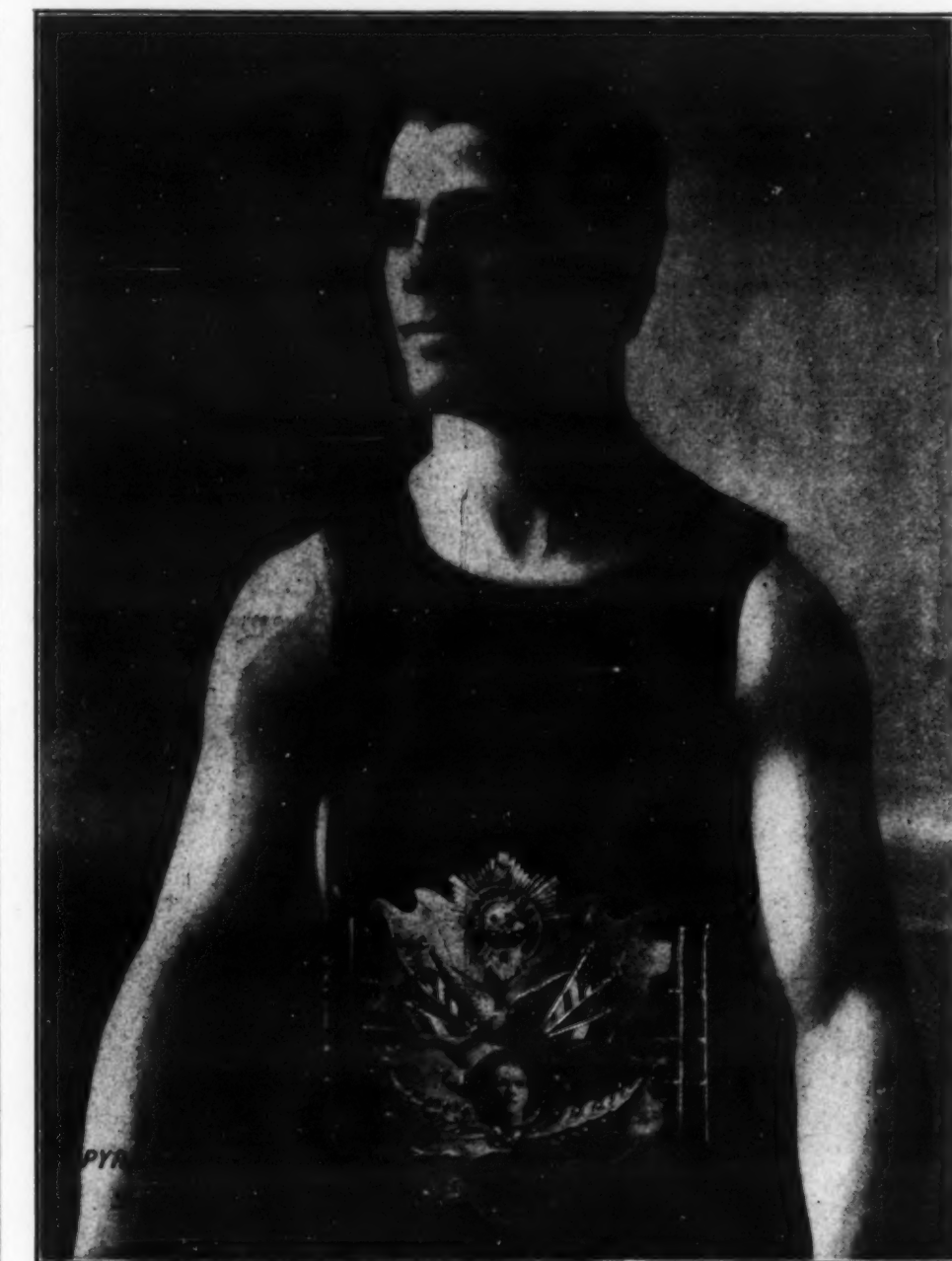
The situation can easily be explained by saying that Jeffries had not engaged in a contest for many months, was "hog fat," as they say in training parlance, and wanted to go against a fast man to test his speed. Griffin served the purpose, and as Jeffries has a line on himself he may be depended upon to regulate his preparatory work for the Ruhlín fight accordingly.

According to latest advices Jack Roberts has decided that it is not expedient at this time to visit America for the purpose of fighting Terry McGovern. What occurred to give the English fighter an attack of "cold feet" has not yet been made known, but it was doubtless the stories of "Whirlwind Terry's" remarkable prowess in the arena that caused the "yellow" to get into his neck and urged him to pass the job up.

Roberts, perhaps, exhibited some sense in declining the issue, but Mr. Tim Hegarty, of Australia, who is now sojourning in San Francisco, seems to be more strenuous in his purpose to secure a match, and in addition to a clever line of talk which he has been dealing out himself he has enlisted the sympathies of some well known newspaper critics on the Coast, who evince a disposition to boost his game along, notwithstanding that the Australian has not yet shown anything in the flat line since he has been in America to justify a particle of consideration. One of these gentlemen, a writer on the *San Francisco Post*, says:

"There is only one conclusion to be reached in the matter of Terry McGovern sidestepping Tim Hegarty, and that is that McGovern is afraid of the little Australian, and does not propose to run the chances of taking a whipping. Hegarty came thousands of miles to meet the champion in his class who headed the list in this country. He brought with him a long and honorable record, showing that he had held the championship in two classes in his country for eight years—a much longer time than McGovern has held a championship honor here. McGovern said that he would be glad to meet Hegarty, but he evaded the first proposition of a fight, and then dug out for the East as fast as he could go, since which time he has been lost in silence. He now proposes to fight Jack Roberts, who,

by the way, is no match for him. They cannot fight in New York, and the bout may come off in Massachusetts, but still McGovern declines to consider coming here to meet Hegarty, although he could make more money doing that than fiddling around in the East. Hegarty is the only logical man in America to meet McGovern. Terry will not fight him, and Hegarty is sick of begging the champion to come on. In point of



TERRY MCGOVERN.

Police Gazette Champion who is Open to Fight Anybody in the World at 128 Pounds.

fact, McGovern is bound to meet Hegarty, but Harris is crafty as usual, and avoids the issue. Terry McGovern is not a coward when he knows he can whip a man. He is a decided coward when it comes to taking a chance, as he would be doing if he met Hegarty."

We, in the East, have a decidedly opposite opinion on the subject, and it is galling, to say the least, to have McGovern called a coward. We have watched him climb the pugilistic ladder round after round, and of all the derogatory things which might be said of him that of cowardice is the least justified. He knew as much about Aurelio Herrera as he does about Hegarty, and among the pugilistic critics on the Coast, the representative of the *San Francisco Post* included, the consensus of opinion before they fought was that Herrera would beat the Eastern lad to a whisper. The latter was in Herrera's country and was perforce compelled to read and listen to the laudatory praises sung by the Spaniard's friends. A less courageous man than McGovern would have "taken to the tall and lofty," and nobody would have blamed him, either, but he didn't. He had the courage to stay and face the issue, and besides making Herrera look like a plugged nickel he convinced some of those wise ducks that a lot of their knowledge of the fighting game was on the gold brick order.

Falling with Herrera they have taken out their knives and sharpened them up on behalf of Hegarty. Who is Hegarty, anyhow?

They say he is a champion of Australia, a title ques-

WRESTLING SELF-TAUGHT

The art of wrestling nicely illustrated and containing portraits of the champions. Price 27 cents.

tionable in its character and not at all convincing if the abilities of some of the so-called Australian champions whom we have seen are worth consideration and comparison. During McGovern's brief but eventful career in the ring he has done more to bring the boxing game into prominence than all the Australian fighters in the world put together. When he got a chance to fight he fought and always to win, and the fact that he is willing to-day to meet anybody in the world at any weight from 122 to 128 pounds is proof conclusive of his willingness to fight.

He doesn't single Tim Hegarty out for an opponent! Why should he? Let Hegarty demonstrate his right to preference and he'll get it!

The Fort Erie Club management will have to do something to protect the better element of its guests if it hopes to become a successful institution. At the fight between "Rube" Ferns and Frank Erne the other night no police were present and the mob ruled. Doors were kicked in and violence used to get possession of seats. After the fight the mob tore down the gates leading to the ferryboats and almost wrecked the dock. A continuation of that sort of thing will hardly be calculated to inspire confidence among the class of people who patronize the boxes and higher priced seats. To have the place in control of a mob is a little too much like the manner in which the old-time barn fights were conducted. Boxing is a gentleman's game and should be conducted in a quiet orderly manner. It behooves those who are interested in the success of the enterprise to enlist the services of the police for moral effect if nothing more.

Jim Corbett is thinking of again entering the prize ring and giving battle for the championship of the world to the winner of the Jeffries and Ruhlín encounter.—Exchange.

He isn't thinking anything of the kind. Away down deep in his inside pocket he carries a contract calling

ERNE BEATEN

IN A TERRIFIC FIGHT

BY "RUBE" FERNS

Put to Sleep Effectually in the Ninth Round.

BIG WEIGHT HANDICAP.

Kansas Fighter too Strong for the Local Lightweight.

There was plenty of speed, some skill and a knockout to characterize the fight between Lightweight Champion Frank Erne and Welterweight Champion James (Rube) Ferns, which took place at Fort Erie, Canada, just across from Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 23. Ferns was too strong for Erne, but Erne punished Ferns badly while the fight lasted. The mill was pretty even up to the last round. Erne led his left to the face and Ferns swung his right, getting over Erne's guard. He landed on the jaw and seemed to daze Erne. He lowered his hands and stepped back. Ferns quickly swung a vicious blow full on the unprotected jaw and Erne slowly toppled over backward, where he lay feebly kicking but unable to rise until counted out. The articles called for twenty rounds at 142 pounds.

The fight by rounds:

Round 1—At the sound of the gong Erne rushed across the ring and met Ferns with a left full on the mouth. Ferns came back with a right flush on the chin and the impetuous Erne, to the dismay of his admirers measured his length on the floor. This blow scarcely dazed him, however. He was up quick as a flash and jumping in planted a left on the side of the face and a right on the mouth. He drew first blood with a straight right to the mouth. Fighting fast and hard he rushed Ferns to the ropes and swung his left to the head, Ferns coming back with a right and left on the body. The round was Erne's, but Ferns stood the onslaught so well that his admirers lost none of their confidence.

Round 2—Erne tried a left at the start, but fell short and received a light counter on the side of the head. Then quick as a cat he jumped in and planted three straight rights on the face, getting out of danger before Ferns could recover himself.

Round 3—Erne again was the aggressor at the start. This time, as in the previous round, he missed a left. Some sparring followed. Each swung and each missed. Then the "Rube" got into action. He poked his left into the wind and, swinging his right hard to the side of the head, made Erne see stars. The blow took some of Erne's steam away. He tried a left, but missed and was lucky enough to jump out of range of the "Rube's" left. He got his left to the mouth, but in exchange had to take a hard right on the jaw—the last blow of the round.

Round 4—Erne was more successful in opening hostilities in this session. He drew the claret from the "Rube's" nose with a straight right, and followed it with a left to the head. He tried a left for the wind, but the "Rube" stopped him with a wicked left punch in the body and rushed him to the ropes. Both men were bleeding from the nose when the gong sounded, but Ferns was the stronger of the two, and his admirers were shouting that he could not lose.

Round 5—Erne came up fresh and strong and at once set out to annihilate "Rube." He rained blows on him, one of them a left, cutting "Rube's" right eye badly. He could not stand the pace, however, and when he began to slow up the "Rube" shot a vicious left to the wind that doubled him up. Following up his advantage Ferns drove his left to the jaw and smashing his right to the body had Erne and Erne's friends guessing. Plainly, the tide of battle was setting the "Rube's" way and he strengthened this impression by driving another hard left to the wind before the close of the round.

Round 6—There were lively exchanges in which honors were even, except for the fact that Erne drew the blood in a stream from the "Rube's" mouth—which did not seem to bother the "Rube" a particle. It looked like his fight.

Round 7—The indications at the close of the last round were borne out at the opening of this one. After a moment's sparring the "Rube" set out to make the fighting. He began with a left swing to the ear and emphasized it with a strong right on the body. Erne clinched to save himself, but they broke away in good order. Erne got a light left to the head, but had to take a stiff right on the body. The blow made him still more cautious, and he devoted the remaining time of the round toward keeping out of the "Rube's" way.

Round 8—Erne began with a half-hearted lead for the face, which was short. Scarcely had he stepped back than the "Rube" rushed on him and staggered him with a left on the chin. Erne steadied himself quickly, and tried another lead, but he had lost much of his speed and the "Rube" stopped him with a smashing right on the side of the head. The blow dazed Erne. He backed away, but the "Rube" was right after him and drove him to the ropes with right and left in the body. The "Rube" tried to corner him and in doing so stumbled. Before he could recover Erne put a left on the mouth, but there was no force behind the blow. The "Rube" sailed in to do his man and came very near doing him, Erne staggering to his corner at the end of the round.

Round 9—The result now was regarded as a foregone conclusion. It was apparent to all that Erne was weak, while Ferns seemed to be in condition to fight all night.

The "Rube" dropped Erne with his first blow—a left to the point of the jaw. He staggered to his feet at the count of nine, only to be sent reeling to ropes with a vicious left on the ear. Ferns went in to finish him, but Erne clinched and the referee was obliged to separate them. Then came the finish—a right to the jaw, and it was all over.

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A GOOD BOOK.

Gardner, Me., July 30, 1901.

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When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

C. C. Thompson, Muncie, Ind.—Give it up.
C. A. L., Covington, Ky.—What is the middle-weight limit?.....156 pounds.
L. A. D., Savannah, Ga.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Oct. 15, 1858.
A. L., Jersey City.—Has Ruhlman and Sharkey ever met?.....They have met twice.
W. F. T., Scranton, Pa.—Send your name and street address and we will write you.
G. H., Pensacola, Fla.—What is the record for tub racing?.....No record that we know of.
C. L., Kenton, O.—Don't know anybody who makes a business of putting people on their feet.
J. D., Hayward, Wis.—Did Sullivan and Kilrain have more than one fight?.....Only one fight.
J. E. A., Jacksonville, Fla.—Send money and papers will be forwarded to you. 10 cents each.
F. G. D., New York.—Write to J. E. Sullivan, Amateur Athletic Union, 16 Park Place, New York.
F. J., Kalamazoo, Mich.—Ed Smith defeated Joe Goddard in a contest for a \$10,000 purse in New Orleans, La.
J. R. B., Hazleton, Pa.—Jim Corbett weighed 184 and Charley Mitchell 156 pounds when they fought in Jacksonville.
S. J. R., Reading, Pa.—He never engaged in a regular contest, but has boxed in limited number of round affairs.
T. I. S., Reading, Pa.—John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett boxed in San Francisco before they fought in New Orleans, La.
W. S., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Billy Plimmer was declared the winner when he boxed George Dixon. The contest was not to a finish.
L. C. M., Carnegie, Pa.—We do not know the premiums offered for old coins. Apply to a dealer. Have no catalogue of coins.
E. D., Chicago.—A knock out means when a boxer hits his opponent and renders him insensible, so that he cannot renew the contest.
P. W., Canton, O.—W. H. Masterson did act as umpire for Jake Kilrain when the latter fought John L. Sullivan at Richburg, Miss.
J. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Charley Mitchell only scored a knockdown when fought John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden.
S. T. N., Lock Haven, Pa.—Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan fought at night time. Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett fought at night time.
F. L. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Corbett and Mitchell fight lasted three rounds. In Queensberry rules three minutes is allowed to each round.
L. S., Washington, D. C.—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought under London prize ring rules when they fought at Apremont, France.
J. G., Taunton, Mass.—Jim Hall defeated Frank P. Slavin in the National Sporting Club, London, England, on March 29, 1883, in seven rounds.
H. W., Mott Haven.—Only Corbett could decide your question. The fight between Corbett and Sullivan was for \$10,000 a side and a purse of \$25,000.
W. W., Hamilton, Mont.—Did Tod Sloan ever sign a contract to ride for the Prince of Wales?.....There was an agreement but no contracts were signed.
J. J. D., Muskegon, Mich.—What is the name of the running horse that holds the world's record for a mile?.....Salvator against time and Brigadier in a race.
C. G., Jamestown, R. I.—What team of the United States holds the championship at association football?.....No recognized championship team of United States.
L. A. F., New York.—Have you any records for 100 yards backwards? Will you give any encouragement for me to break the record?.....1. No official record. 2. No.

Andrews.—A bets New Yorks held first place only for a half day or so; B bets they held first place for a longer period. Who wins?.....They were in first place for a longer time.
W. W., Newark, N. J.—How is the time allowance calculated in yacht racing?.....On the measurements of the yachts. The larger boat allowing the smaller one according to the scale.
J. J. H., New York.—A friend said Rice, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., took second prize twice in the six-day bicycle race; I said he took it once.....Which six-day bicycle race and where held?
J. M. D. and F. M. A., Waterloo, N. Y.—In your issue of Aug. 31, 1901, was published a picture of Terry McGovern and Manager Sam Harris; which in the group composing the picture is McGovern?.....The picture shows McGovern being rubbed by Harris.
G. W. I., Leadville, Col.—Give me the address of a firm that makes a specialty of professional punching bags, and ball bearing swivels.....Write to Miss Belle Gordon, "Police Gazette" champion ball puncher, for information. Her address is POLICE GAZETTE office.
C. A., New York.—A bets the New Yorks had one pitcher in the game between Cincinnati and New York, the score of that game was 25 to 13, game played on Sunday in Cincinnati; B bets New York had more than one pitcher?.....What was the date of the game? Will look it up.
J. P., Duluth, Minn.—What was the contract between Jockey Sloan and Mr. Whitney for riding Ballyho Bay in the Futurity of 1900. A bets it was \$20,000 and a round trip ticket from England; B contrary.....The agreement was a private one, but it is generally be-

lieved that he received \$5,000 and his expenses from England and back again.
W. S. H., Savannah, Ga.—A tug-of-war was pulled on Labor day between the police and firemen of Savannah. There was no special agreement for this contest, but the judges thought it was to be the best two



JACK BURNS AND HIS FIGHTING DOG "GYP."
A Cincinnati Sporting Man who Takes Pride in His Canine Champion and Wants to Match Him for Big Money.

out of three pulls. The firemen thought it was to be one pull; the police were ready to pull three pulls, but the firemen refused to pull but one pull, which they won, and claimed the medal and championship, because they pulled the police over the line. We have decided two of these contests before; the first was for one pull, the second was the best two out of three, which was the contest in the minds of the judges when they called for the second pull, which the firemen refused to pull, claiming the match. We ask you to decide this contest according to the rules which should govern such contests.....Depends entirely upon the agreement when match was made. Your referee should have been familiar with the agreement before the pull began and explained it to both contestants. He alone is in a position to settle the controversy now.

Have you a good photograph of the club you belong to? Send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication.

ALMOST MOBBED FAKE FIGHTERS.

Victor, Col., is one place where fake fighters get no encouragement and where things are liable to "break" badly for any of the "faking" bunch who try to work the game on the sports. The twenty-round affair on

FOR DOG FANCIERS

"The Dog Pit," price 25 cents, will tell you all you want to know regarding dogs. It contains the rules, too. Send to this office.

Sept. 16 between Morgan Williams and "Australian Jim" Ryan had a most unsatisfactory termination in the second round, when Referee Lamb awarded the decision to Williams on a foul. The large crowd present went into a rage, and had the police not spirited Ryan away he would have been severely dealt with. It was charged by the angry mob that both principals were engaged in a fake. Ryan was arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, but was later, however, released on bond. In the first round Ryan knocked Williams down with a hard right-hand swing, but the latter responded quickly. While Williams' hands were down, after the bell rang in the second, Ryan shot a terrible right to Williams' head but did not put him down. At this juncture the referee awarded the fight to Williams, while the crowd yelled "fake."

JACK DALY STRUCK FOUL BLOW.

Some rough fighting was indulged in at Savannah, Ga., when Jack Daly, of Wilmington, and Jack Bennett, of McKeesport, met on Sept. 17, and the result was in Bennett's favor on a foul in the twentieth round. The foul was committed by Daly with his left while the men were close together. Bennett went to the floor where he remained doubled up until taken to his dressing room and treated by a doctor.

Daly, after the referee's decision had been announced, went to the ropes and called to the spectators that he had not fouled Bennett.

The men made the fight fast from the beginning, and each landing heavily and often. Three times from the force of their collisions both went to the floor, but none of these falls, nor yet the severe jabs that each got in the clinches, made either wary. Both men were aggressive and so evenly were they matched that had the bout gone the twenty-five rounds, it would have

SMALL TALK
ABOUT THE PUGS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning the Doings of the Fighters.

Edward Scott, the Pittsburg 130-pound fighter, would like to meet Jimmy Reeder, the bout to take place in Cumberland, Md.

Joe Gans, the Baltimore pugilist, has signed articles to meet Gus Bezenah, of Cincinnati, before the Coliseum Club, of Elwood, Ind.

The fight on the turf near Richmond, Ind., recently, between "Shine" Russell and "Kid" Grim, resulted in a draw. It went the limit of twenty rounds.

Joe Bernstein and Billy De Coursey have been matched to fight in Los Angeles during race week. The men have agreed to weigh in at 124 pounds at 3 o'clock.

"Buck" Connolly, who now has charge of Jack McClelland, the featherweight boxer of Pittsburg, says he will match McClelland against any 126-pound man in the world.

Big Fred Russell has shaken the Seattle soil from his feet and is now prowling around Butte, looking for an engagement with some heavy. He says he isn't particular.

The National Athletic Club of San Francisco will make a bid for the McGovern-Roberts international contest in case it cannot be pulled off at the Royal Golf Club at Port Chester, Conn.

Young Sayers, the Milwaukee featherweight, is persistent in his challenges to Harry Harris and has renewed his requests to the lengthy Harris for a match. Harris is at present in the East.

Joe Bernstein has taken on six pounds since going to the Pacific coast, and the best weight he can now do is 124 pounds at 3 o'clock. "Kid" McFadden has challenged Bernstein at 122 pounds.

George Monroe and Oscar Gardner will likely be matched for a twenty-round contest at Omaha, Neb. Herman Fleisher, the manager of the Muncie (Ind.) Athletic Club, will go West with Monroe.

Marvin Hart's Louisville friends say that promising fighter is not out of the game for good, but has so far recovered his health that he will be seeking matches with the best of them inside of four weeks.

John L. Sullivan has gone to Boston to visit his relatives and friends. He is no longer a bookmaker, and if he sees a good chance to go into business there he will do so. The "big fellow" looks well.

Tommy Ryan, the crack middleweight boxer, has opened a cafe in Kansas City, and will make his place the sporting headquarters for that section of the country. Cal Morton is his business partner.

Freddie Bogan, the featherweight boxer, is acting as manager of the Butte (Mont.) Athletic Club. Bogan wants to arrange a match between Dal Hawkins and Mose La Fontaine, the Montana lightweight.

The Dixon-Attel fight at Cripple Creek, Col., was the most unsatisfactory affair of its kind that ever took place in that city. It could not exactly be called a fake, but certain it is that neither man was trying.

Charley O'Rourke, the Cambridge, Mass., welterweight, believes George Byers would be easy game for him. O'Rourke will have no trouble in getting such a match if he really desires it, says Byers.

The Savannah Athletic Club is negotiating a match between Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Gus Bezenah. Bezenah has agreed to take on Feltz, and articles of agreement will likely be signed in a few days.

Harry Gilmore believes he has a champion in Martin Duffy, the clever Chicago lightweight, who beat Tim Kearns a short time ago. Gilmore has issued a challenge to any 135-pound boxer, offering to match his protege.

Tommy Hogan, of Chicago, is after a battle with Jack Roberts, of England. Hogan was in England about a year ago, when he whipped Bill Chester for the 126-pound title of England, and knows just what Roberts can do.

Patsey Hogan, of Cincinnati, has been challenged by Bob King, the Indiana bantamweight, now located at Eaton, O. King was defeated by Hogan in six rounds some months ago, but Hogan will give him a return match.

Jack McCormick has an engagement to give boxing and wrestling exhibitions with Sailor Tom Sharkey at Albuquerque, N. M., from Oct. 14 to 18 inclusive. The two big fellows will continue on to California to see the Jeffries-Ruhlman fight.

Johnny Hughes, who was defeated recently by Pat Daly for the lightweight championship of England, wants another go with his conqueror. Hughes says that he was suffering from malaria at the time when he faced Daly and could not do himself justice.

The only colored boxing club—the Alpha, of Los Angeles—has gone out of business, the "knockers" having made things too warm. The club was run by young colored business men, from whom white fighters say they received the fairest kind of treatment.

Dick Moore, a broken down old battleship, got a fine whipping in Trenton from Jack Bonner, of oil of mustard fame, before the Trenton Athletic Club. Moore was a wreck many months ago and was probably willing to take a good whaling for a little money.

"Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, who is meeting with such good success in England, says: "Fight Tommy Ryan? Why, certainly, if only a fair purse is put up. But if Ryan and I meet it will have to be in America, for I know no club in England that would put up fair money for two strangers to box for."

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THEY ARE ALL SPORTS.

SOME OF THE "BOYS" WHO CONGREGATE AT THE ORPHEUM EXCHANGE, A NOTED RESORT AT 806 K STREET, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



Photo by Brennan, New Orleans.

KENA.

HIS FAVORITE DIVERSION IS TYING HIMSELF IN BOW KNOTS.



A. M. RUFFU, JR.

AN ATLANTIC CITY BARBER WHO BELONGS TO MANY ORGANIZATIONS.



Photo by Wilson, Chicago.

WILLIAM STUART.

A CLEVER CHICAGO ACTOR AND HIS EQUALLY CLEVER LITTLE DOG, VANART.



ROBERT S. WARD.

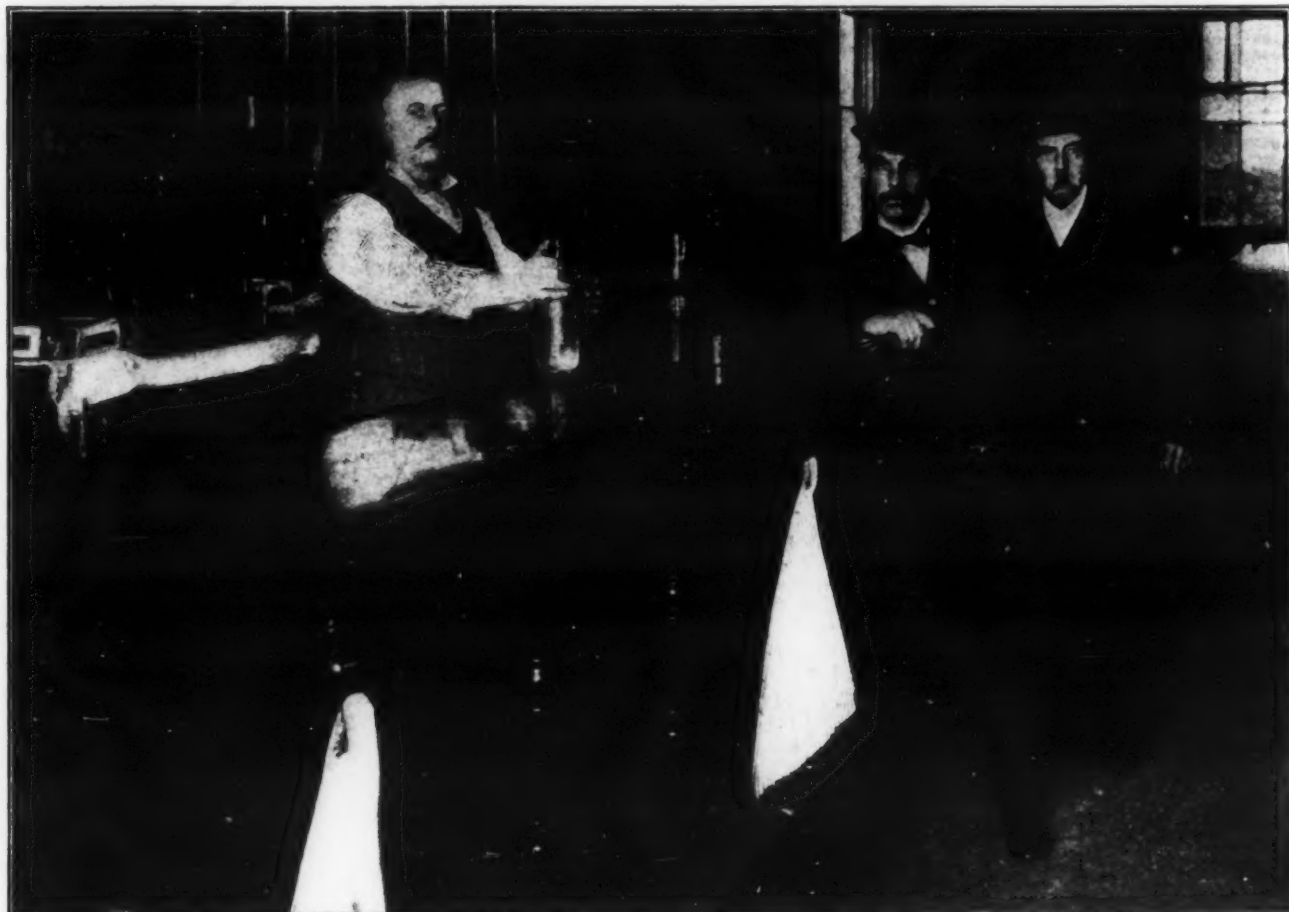
BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN NOW WITH THE BONHEUR BROTHERS SHOW.



Photo by Thiele, Brooklyn.

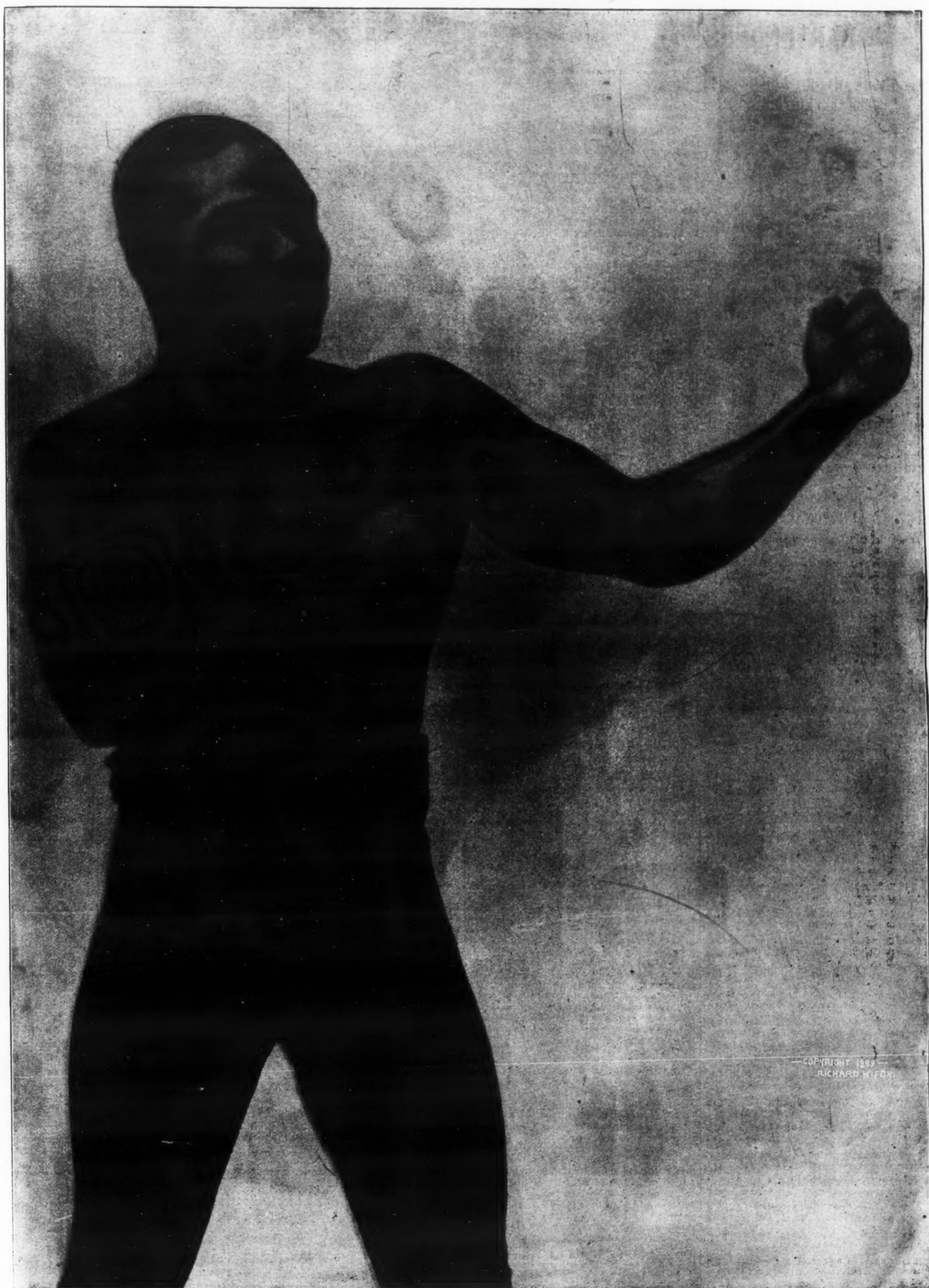
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JOE WALCOTT.

THE FAMOUS BLACK MIDDLEWEIGHT, KNOWN AS THE "BARBADOES DEMON," NOW
MATCHED TO FIGHT GEORGE GARDINER AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PROMINENT BARTENDERS

Jack Tibbetts, Who Mixes Drinks in the
City of Churches.



Jack Tibbetts, head bartender at Knights' Hotel, Rodney and South Second streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., is well and favorably known throughout the Eastern District. His skill as a fancy drink mixer is second to none, and if you want something unique in the way of a thirst alleviator call on Jack. His genial disposition and readiness at repartee have gained for him a large circle of acquaintances.

Bartenders—Send your photographs to this office for publication in this column.

PERSONALS.

M. F. Hayes is one of the most successful saloonmen of Torrington, Conn.

One of the best known saloonkeepers of Janesville, Ill., is J. A. Harwood.

F. Bedard is one of the leading liquor dealers of the town of Moosup, Conn.

The Rockville House Bar at Rockville, Conn., is famed for its mixed drinks.

One of the leading and popular saloon owners of Putnam, Conn., is F. Gagne.

The finest hotel in Marietta, O., is The Norwood, owned and managed by J. Hyatt.

C. E. Shepard, a saloonman of Rockville, Conn., is one of the most popular men in town.

S. J. King is the proprietor and manager of the popular Moosup House at Moosup, Conn.

The Hotel Revere, of Renova, Pa., has been made a popular house by W. R. Johnson.

J. A. Holcomb, a practical and successful hotel man at Simsbury, Conn., owns a fine house.

F. P. Smith, who owns a well-kept hotel at Chester, Conn., is an expert with the shotgun.

Fred Allard's saloon at Putnam, Conn., is famed for its good liquors and mixed drinks.

H. W. Brown, who keeps a hotel at New Preston, Conn., has done a good season's business.

C. P. Kerwin has a fine line of goods in his liquor and cigar establishment at Gross, Neb.

Farrell & Coogan are the joint owners of a prosperous saloon business at Rockville, Conn.

John Comstock's hotel at Hadlyme, Conn., is a popular stopping place for commercial men.

C. E. Sanders does a good business at his saloon at Claremont, Ill. He is very well liked.

A. Kramer & Co.'s Round Bar, at Iron Mountain, Mich., is a great resort for the sporting men.

Smith & Hill, two well-known business men of Bone Gap, Ill., are the owners of a fine restaurant.

The New Brewster House, of Brewster, N. Y., is better than ever. It is managed by C. H. Tuttle.

L. E. Thompson's Billiard Parlors at Rockville, Conn., are frequented by the best players in town.

A great many theatrical people stop at H. Bransen & Son's Hotel Bransen, Milwaukee, Wis.

Patrick Kelly, a saloonman, of Berlin, Conn., is very popular with the sporting men about town.

Pris. Pelloquin, a well-to-do saloonkeeper of Putnam, Conn., has one of the finest trades in town.

The C. E. Merrills Company is doing a great business in the pool and billiard line at Clinton, Conn.

G. A. Gordon's hotel at Campbell Hill, Ill., is a stopping place for the better class of commercial men.

The famous Hotel Avon, of Avon, Conn., is owned by that most genial of hosts, G. W. Van Horne.

E. Brown, the owner of a well-patronized hotel and saloon at Beacon Falls, Conn., is a thorough good fellow.

Michael J. Callahan is the genial owner of the Lafayette Hotel at Third street and Edgmont avenue, Chester, Pa.

W. C. Guss, of Janesville, Ill., owns a finely-equipped pool and billiard room, where the boys play their match games.

J. B. Rude, a prominent hotel man of Bone Gap, Ill., is a thorough good fellow.

Frank P. Smith has a handsome and well-patronized billiard hall at Chester, Conn.

Larson and Bjerke are the proprietors of a well-patronized billiard hall at Church's Ferry, N. D.

The Southford Inn, of Southford, Conn., is a success under the management of W. F. Merwin, the owner.

J. J. O'Connor's pool and billiard parlors at Chester, Conn., are the scene of many a hard-fought contest.

William Weissner is the owner of a handsome sporting saloon at Frankford and Girard avenues, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. J. Vickers, of the First Street Exchange, Los Angeles, Cal., would like to know how to make the drink called "Bambo." Who can tell him?

Vai Goldsmith has a good theatrical trade at his Grand Central Hotel, 37-45 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich. The bar is well stocked with wines and liquors.

Dan Gullfoyle, of Dover, N. H., would like to know the whereabouts of his brother, Thomas, who was a bartender and hotel clerk in Leadville, Col., in 1881.

In selecting an ale for their trade, saloonkeepers should choose a standard, high-grade brewing; one that has a reputation and plenty of push behind it. Such a brand is Evann's Ale, brewed and bottled at Hudson, New York, for the past 115 years.

The bartenders contest is drawing to a close and it will soon be over. All who have recipes to send in had better hurry up. Don't wait until the last minute.

KEEP YOUR EYE on this column for announcement of the winner.

THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST.

The POLICE GAZETTE has offered another handsome and valuable gold medal for competition by saloonmen, hotelkeepers and bartenders.

The contest will close on October 15, 1901.

The best original recipe for a mixed drink takes the handsome trophy.

The second prize will be a \$10 gold piece.

The third prize will be a \$5 gold piece.

All of the recipes sent in will be published in this column, with the originator's name and address.

Better subscribe now and keep track of the contest. 13 weeks for \$1.00. This includes all the supplements.

MORNING FIZZ.

(By Billy Woods, Coney Island, El Paso, Tex.)

Use large toddy glass; one bar spoon of sugar; four dashes lemon juice; four dashes Absinthe; one small glass whiskey or gin; stir well; add vichy or seltzer; serve quick.

OHIO FIZZ.

(By J. W. Woolcroft, East Liverpool, Ohio.)

Three spoons fine sugar; one-half glass shaved ice; juice of half lemon; two dashes Anisette; one egg; jigger whiskey; shake well and strain into shell glass.

SEA FOAM.

(By C. Sackett, Napa, Cal.)

Use thin lemonade glass; two lumps of ice; one jigger whiskey; one-half lemon; one-half bottle Napa soda; drop in one-half tablespoonful sugar; drink while foaming; sit down and read the "Police Gazette" for fifteen minutes.

A. B. C. MARASCHINO FLIP.

(By John Kastner, St. Louis, Mo.)

Use bar glass; one-half spoonful sugar; two dashes lemon juice; fill with fine ice; the white of one egg; three-fourths jigger Maraschino; two dashes Creme de Vanilla; two dashes Creme de Orange; shake well; strain into a fancy flip glass; grate a little nutmeg on top and serve.

BARON STEUBEN ROYAL PUNCH.

(By James C. Maloney, Chicago, Ill.)

Fill mixing glass two-thirds full fine ice; one teaspoonful syrup or one piece of cut loaf sugar; one teaspoonful lemon juice; one wine glass Tokay wine, two ounces, or Sweet Catawba; one-half wine glass Bourbon whiskey. Stir above ingredients thoroughly; then strain it into a punch glass (an old fashioned champagne glass); then put in one-fourth or a half of a nice peach and one teaspoonful of the peach juice; dash with seltzer and add a half teaspoonful Jamaica rum and serve. The can peaches you use must be a good quality.

RECIPES SUBMITTED.

The Bracett, by N. L. Hall, Norfolk, Va.; The Hippo Squirt, by Frank J. Wendt, Dallas, Tex.; Branch's Own, by Branch Milligan, Athens, O.; Groom Cock-tail, by Fred A. Bartelme, Army and Navy Club, Washington, D. C.; Verma Louise, by John Kastner, St. Louis, Mo.; Virginia Mixture, by J. F. Laughlin, Covington, Va.; Roosevelt Punch, by Clarence Galle, Biloxi, Miss.; National Champagne Cup, by Tony Guckes, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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FOR SALE A quantity of PUNCHING and PICTURE MACHINES. Inquire of the AMERICAN AUTO-MACHINE CO., 50 Howard St., New York City.

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BANKRUPT STOCK penny-in-slot picture machines for sale. 9 Pine St., Room 314, New York City.

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MARRY 10,000 Ladies want to marry rich. Send 2c. for big sealed list with photos, full description and address. Best plans. Satisfaction guaranteed. Star Agency, No. 420, Austin, Ill.

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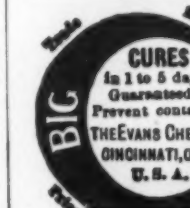
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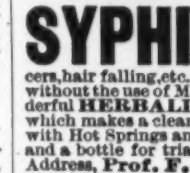
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or contagious Blood Poison, producing copper colored spots, pimples, sore throat, aches, old sores, ulcers, hair falling, etc., quickly, positively and forever cured, without the use of Mercury or Iodine of Potash, by the wonderful HERBALS COMPOUND, a few weeks' use of which makes a clean, healthy being, after complete failure with Hot Springs and other treatment. Full information and a bottle for trial, sent free of charge to all sufferers. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.



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A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Serves Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 3660 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly sends this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

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TONSorialists WHO ARE EXPERT

Mariano Venezia, a Youthful Champion of Gotham.



Mariano Venezia, a young New York barber, who is only seventeen years old, is in the employ of F. Loplatto, at 85 East 113th street. He is a clever artist, and he declares he is the seventeen-year-old champion of the world. This is rather a sweeping statement, but he says he is ready to defend the title he has assumed against all comers, and that he will be only too glad to hear from anybody his own age who think they can shave as good and as fast as he can.

William F. Glasier, of Whittemore, Ia., shaved and cut a customer's hair in seven minutes. He was timed by two watches.

TONSorial NOTES.

F. E. Banning has a good paying business at Hadlyme, Conn.

Andrew Cooper is one of the most popular men of Chester, Conn.

B. Falt is a leading and influential barber of Torrington, Conn.

I. Champagny is a very well liked tonsorialist of Wauregan, Conn.

O. Deschamps, of Moosup, Conn., is an especially fine hair cutter.

F. X. McEvoy is a barber of Putnam, Conn., who has many friends.

L. W. Young is an especially popular barber of East Thompson, Conn.

A. Bodo, of Putnam, Conn., is very popular with the sporting element.

E. E. Hardy is a hustling and up-to-date barber of North Bend, Wash.

C. Wheeler is one of the genial and popular barbers of Torrington, Conn.

J. H. Forsyth is a clever and painstaking tonsorialist of Tariffville, Conn.

William Penn has his historic name over a barber shop at Wauregan, Conn.

W. W. Hertle is the only barber in Salisbury, Conn., and he gets all the trade.

Peterman's barber shop is one of the popular shaving places of Clinton, Conn.

Charles Miron is an enterprising and successful tonsorialist of Putnam, Conn.

Harry Merrills has made many friends in Clinton, Conn., where he is in business.

P. L. Felix, of Tariffville, Conn., has a fine reputation as an expert with the razor.

One of the finest shops in Holder, Ill., is the one which is owned by Elmer Shields.

M. Hoyle is one of the very popular expert tonsorialists of the town of Putnam, Conn.

Carl Watrous, of Chester, Conn., is a past-master of the art of scientific shaving.

A. Mummy does a fine business with the best people at his place in Torrington, Conn.

Elliot Sherburn has one of the finest tonsorial establishments in the town of Balbec, Ind.

J. X. Radcliff, barber and musician, of Clarksville, Tenn., is continually adding to his staff of tonsorialists.

Tony Lachetti, whose shop is at 1319 South 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa., is a popular and expert tonsorialist.

If you are a good enough barber to have a record sent to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication in this column.

Fred Gerlicke is the genial owner of a fine shaving parlor at 1911 Passyunk avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. He does a fine business.

Vincent Di Vito, of 1200 Passyunk avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the fastest shavers in the city and very popular with the sports.

The neatest shop in the Borough of the Bronx is George Priore's at 650 E. 148th street.

A. H. Margan is doing very well at Bethany, Ill. He is especially fond of field sports.

O. B. Goodrich is doing an excellent business at his shop at Cheneyville, Ill., these days.

C. E. McGuire, of Bethany, Ill., is a barber with a reputation for fast and careful work.

E. Cornelson has a busy little shop at Holder, Ill., where he will be glad to see his friends.

Joe Allard, of Putnam, Conn., can shave a man well in record breaking time when he wants to.

Louis Lacolla is one of New York's most progressive barbers. His place is at 900 East 145th street.

Wash Baker conducts a first-class shop on Franklin street, Clarksville, Tenn., where the POLICE GAZETTE is a feature.

Theo. Cook has a well-equipped shop at 1742 Passyunk avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., where he caters to a good class of sporting men.

J. P. Steele, veteran knight of the razor, of Clarksville, Tenn., has just composed a catchy melody, dedicating it to the Elks Carnival.

W. M. Buck, the wealthy colored barber, has just returned from Chicago, Ill., after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall. He is at Clarksville, Tenn.

GRANT BOXED IN PRISON.

The prison walls have no terrors for George Grant, the colored middleweight, who was released from the State penitentiary a few weeks ago, says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. To hear Grant talk one would think that he had been enjoying the summer on the lakes instead of being confined under guard.

The other night Grant was telling of his experiences in prison when some asked: "Didn't they make you work?"

"Well, I hung around the blacksmith shop, but there was nothing doing."

"How did you put in your time?" another asked.

"Why, I did more boxing in prison than when I was out."

"Who did you box with?"

"The Warden and his son. I used to teach them how to put up their dukes."

"That's strange," remarked a listener. "Governor Nash will not allow boxing in this State, and it is tolerated in one of the State institutions."

"I don't know anything about the law, but I do know that I put in most of my time boxing," continued Grant. "It's great sport, and all the boys like to put on the gloves. The Warden is a pretty good man with the mitts and one of the best fellows I ever met. He treats you so well that you don't know you are under his care. I kept in good trim while I was in prison because I was boxing all the time. When I did work it was just to help me along in my training."

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED.

Dan R. McGinty, Chicago, Ill.; Theo Crause, Chillicothe, O.; George Parent, Paris, France; W. C. Fowler, Chillicothe, O.; Harry A. Southard, Terre Haute, Ind.; Hugh Connelly, Suffolk, Va.; Sylvania, the Man of Mystery; W. M. Culver, Jacksonville, Fla.; Capt. Harry Boumaster, Gallipoli, O.; Martha E. Wagenfuhrer, Niagara Falls; Hector Prince, Manchester, N. H.

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CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP.

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LADIES! DOCTOR LaFRANCO'S PERIODICAL COMPOUND

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LAFAYETTE CAPSULES, 50 CENTS.

Sure cure for Gonorrhea, Gleet. Sent sealed by mail, 50c. **E. H. LUTHER, Druggist, 191 Bowery, New York.**

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Enough to cure any case sent prepaid in plain package for \$2. Modern Medical Co., Atchison, Kan.

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unfit for business or marriage through excesses can be regenerated by my special treatment. It restores power, memory, makes weak men strong. Write for book "Men Only." Dr. Hewlin, Buffalo, N. Y.

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and all reflex complications absolutely cured by a scientific discovery which acts as a positive antidote to the syphilitic virus in the blood and positively cures. Even if your case has been termed incurable, or if you have mucous patches, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers or if hair or eyebrows are falling out.

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Money cheerfully refunded if not Satisfactory.

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Write to-day for full particulars and how to obtain it on trial "FREE." **FAULTLESS MNF. CO., Akron, O.**

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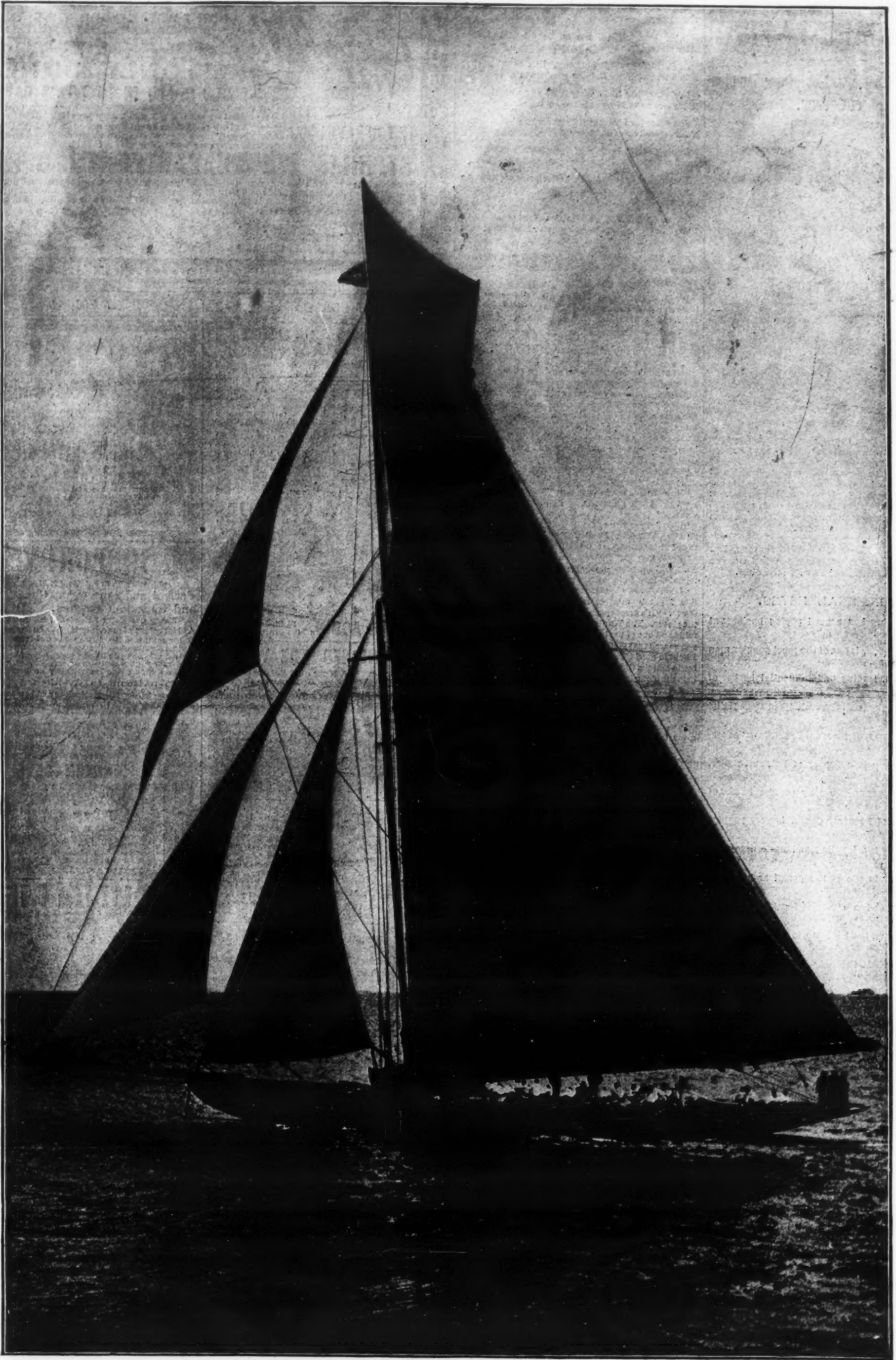
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